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GENERAL ROBERT LUCAS.

First Governor of Iowa, 1838-1841.

BY HON. T. S. PARVIN,

Private Secretary, 1838-39.

I have contributed (by special request) this paper to the ANNALS OF IOWA in the hope that thereby I may add not only a chapter to the early history of the State, but present more fully, and from a personal standpoint, an estimate of the personal character and great services to Iowa of her first governor, General Robert Lucas. Beside myself there remain, among the living, but two, Gen. Geo. W. Jones and Dr. Gideon S. Bailey, both very aged and feeble, who had any personal or official relation with my old friend.

Of all the pioneers of the early and formative period in our history, who "made Iowa," which, largely through their efforts and services, has become the observed of all observers for all the elements of a true and noble statehood, no one rendered more conspicuous and valuable services and no one has been so little understood as the subject of this sketch. It has ever been the light of "the rising rather than of the setting sun" that attracts the attention of the multitude.

By an act of Congress, approved by President Van Buren June 17, 1838, the territory of Wisconsin west of the Mississippi river, called "Iowa District," was separated

from Wisconsin and created into an independent territorial government to take effect on the 4th of July following. Immediately upon the approval of this act, President Van Buren, upon the recommendation of the Hon. Thomas L. Hamer (one of the ablest representatives Ohio ever sent to the national Congress and who later in the Mexican war distinguished himself as a valiant soldier in the field), appointed the Hon. Robert Lucas, of Ohio (who had but recently retired from his second term of service as governor of that State), governor of the new territory. President Van Buren was further moved to this appointment by his own personal knowledge of and friendship for the appointee. General Lucas, as he was then known, had presided over the national convention, which, at Baltimore, in 1832, had nominated Martin Van Buren, known as the "little magician" of New York, for vice-president, to serve with General Jackson (whose nomination was a foregone conclusion), during his second term in the presidency. A wiser or better choice could not have been made. It was clearly a case of the exception, which should be made the rule, in which "the office sought the man" and not "the man the office," as it came not only unsought, but as a surprise to the recipient in his farmer-home on the banks of the Scioto, where he had lived for more than a third of a century.

As the territory was to be organized on the nation's birthday—to become henceforth also the anniversary of the birth of Iowa as a political organization—it became necessary for the newly appointed governor to make prompt preparations for his departure for the "new country" as it had been called, or the "Black Hawk purchase" as it was then known, a *terra incognita* to him who was soon to become its ruler and its chief builder.

I had but recently been graduated from college and had a classmate by the name of Stephen Hulse, whose father had been sheriff of Hamilton county, of which Cin-

cinnati is the county seat, as well as the commercial capital of the State. The elder Hulse was at that time keeping a hotel on Front street in the city. Calling upon my young friend one evening he asked me if I would not like to meet the old governor of Ohio, who had but recently been appointed governor of Iowa—the creation of which as a territory I had just read in the daily papers in connection with the governor's arrival in the city. Of course I was like another boy of whom I had read, anxious to see a 'live governor," and so I cheerfully accompanied my young friend to the parlor where I was introduced to General Robert Lucas.

He was of tall and spare form, with hair even then tinged with grey, the foretop turned upwards very much like that of President Jackson, whose portrait is so familiar to every school boy. He was a very quiet and reserved man, and while of but few words he was yet courteous and agreeable, and it seemed very much with us, as the story goes, that it was a case of "love at first sight," for the governor evidently, after hearing very briefly from both the father and son—whose guest he was—of my history, at once tendered to me the appointment of "private secretary," and invited me to accompany him to the new territory, of whose geographical position we were so ignorant that we really thought at that time we were going to make our new home on the east, rather than the west, side of the Mississippi river. The tender of the appointment came so unexpectedly and was such a surprise that I asked until the next day to consider the subject, when, after due reflection, I called upon him in the morning with my acceptance of the honor he had tendered me, an honor I have ever since appreciated, as it brought me into personal acquaintance and relationship with one whom the more I knew the more I learned to love, and to appreciate not only his past services to the public in Ohio but those which he later rendered to the people among

whom he was to make his future home. It was also the means, or the cause rather of my removal to the new territory, and becoming, as I ever since have been, so thoroughly identified with its history and people.

The biography of Governor Lucas for the next eight years would constitute very largely the early history of the territory of Iowa.

It has been well said that the time and place of a man's birth, and especially his early surroundings, exert a great influence upon his future character and destiny in life.

And, while it is the purpose of this paper to present the peculiar characteristics of the subject of this sketch as viewed by observing men of the period, it becomes quite necessary that I should, very briefly at least, present some sketches of his early life, education and pursuits, to the end that we may the better appreciate the services of the man whose career we are to consider.

A poetic writer has said, that "the romance of *frontier life* with all its hardships has peculiar charms for the imagination. The log house; the primitive forest crowded with game of every variety; the crystal stream flowing by the door; the boundless prairie at one time a perfect wilderness of bloom, with its flowers of gorgeous hues, again blazing in sublime conflagration, and again covered with the wild deer and the buffalo whose numbers are counted by thousands; the Indian canoe floating like a bubble upon the sea; the bounds of the savage hunters and warriors in their picturesque costumes. All these combine to give attractiveness to men of imaginative mood."

It was amid such scenes as these that Governor Robert Lucas spent his early days, whether in the State of his birth or that to which he subsequently removed and where he spent the best years of his life.

He was born at Shepardstown, Jefferson County, Virginia—a place which had given birth to two, who subsequently became Presidents of the United States—on the

first of April, 1781, a period midway between the Declaration of Independence and the adoption of the National Constitution. His father was a descendant of William Penn, the Quaker founder of Pennsylvania, and his mother of Scotch extraction. The father inheriting in common the feelings of both his paternal and maternal ancestry, was a lover of human freedom, and at an early period freed every one of the adult slaves, which had become his possession by inheritance, and made humane provision for them all. This love of freedom was the son's inheritance.

It was at this period that the family removed to the Northwestern territory, which, through the instrumentality of Jefferson, had been organized into a territorial government, two years before the Nation's birth, under the famous Ordinance which bears the name of the year, 1787. The territory was consecrated to freedom, to education and to morality.

The removal of the family beyond the Ohio (the father locating in a small village on the banks of the Scioto) was in the closing year of the last century (1800), and when young Robert was but nineteen years of age. This was two years before Ohio became a sovereign State, and its settlements at that time were few and far between and of limited extent.

The father had given his boy the best education attainable to a man of his means. From a Scotch schoolmaster he had learned the elements of the three "R's"—reading, writing and arithmetic—to which he added some advancement in mathematics, especially that of surveying. Surveying at that early period was an essential accomplishment to a young man, as we have learned from the history of Washington; and it was to the professional labor of a surveyor that the son devoted many of the subsequent years of his life. Being skillful in the line of his work, he found it remunerative, and engaged in the exploration of the unexplored territory about him.

Having secured a sufficient competence for the maintenance of a wife, and when about thirty years of age, in 1810, he married Elizabeth Brown, who died two years later, leaving an infant daughter. In 1816 he married Miss Amy Summers, whose family later removed to Iowa and located in Muscatine County. She was a native of Vermont, and had accompanied her parents in their migration from the rugged hills of New England to the fertile prairies and magnificent forests of the West.

Young Lucas had already for some years filled the position of county surveyor of Scioto County. His elder brother, Joseph, was at the time Associate Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. The younger brother received at the same time a commission as Justice of the Peace for Union Township in Scioto County, and so learned from the discharge of the duties of this important office, the points which he later, in his first message, presented to the Legislature of Iowa regarding its importance and its duties, in a new country.

The trouble with Great Britain was then the uppermost subject of interest to the people of the country, soon to develop in open warfare in 1812. Robert Lucas was of a military turn of mind, and early became identified with the military arm of the public service, and passed through its several grades to that of Major-General, which position he filled for many years, and in which capacity he rendered most valued services to his adopted State. Leading some twelve hundred of his division into service under General Hull, of Michigan, he accompanied him on the expedition into Canada and was a witness to his ignominious defeat and his inglorious surrender. The story has been often told that General Cass was so indignant that he broke his sword rather than surrender it to the foes of his country. So it is related that General Lucas escaped the surrender by putting his sword into his brother's trunk, exchanging his uniform for a citizen's dress and walking

into the town before the British reached it. After taking notes of all that was transpiring, he embarked on a small vessel and reached Cleveland in safety; and in consideration of his valuable services was commissioned as Captain* of the Nineteenth Infantry in the regular army, in March, 1812, and in February following was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the same regiment.

It is not my purpose to accompany him through the war and relate his services, but I have given what may be necessary to show his qualifications for treating military subjects to which he was later called in Iowa, as its Governor and "Superintendent of Indian Affairs."

He became a member of the Ohio Legislature in 1814, and for nineteen consecutive years served either in the House or in the Senate—most of the years as presiding officer of the latter. In 1820 and again in 1828 he was chosen as one of the presidential electors, and in 1832 he was honored with the chairmanship of the national Democratic convention which at Baltimore nominated General Jackson for his second term and Martin Van Buren as Vice-President. The same year (1832) he was elected Governor of Ohio, and re-elected in 1834, declining a third nomination.

The most important subject connected with his administration was that of the "boundary dispute" between the State of Ohio and Michigan Territory, to which we shall refer later in considering the boundary troubles between Iowa and Missouri. Before this, Governor Lucas had removed from Portsmouth, in Scioto County, to Pike-ton, in Pike County, where he continued to make his residence until his removal to Iowa twenty years later.

Governor Lucas, besides being the Governor of the Territory of Iowa, was, under the organic act, made the Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Territory, a posi-

* The commission of Governor Lucas as Captain is now in the Historical Department of Iowa.—EDITOR OF THE ANNALS.

tion devolving upon him more labor and greater anxiety in the government of the aborigines than that of his executive duties in administering the government over American citizens.

The act creating the Territory of Iowa devolved upon the new Governor the duty of locating the temporary seat of government; the dividing of the Territory into three judicial districts, and the assignment of the Judges newly appointed thereto; and the issuing of a proclamation ordering an election, by the people, of members of the Legislature, to meet the following November.

Secretary Conway had reached the Territory a few weeks in advance of the Governor and repaired to Davenport, where he was closeted with Colonel Davenport and Antoine LeClaire, proprietors of the town, and through their influence had been persuaded that he was the "Acting Governor" under the law. Without waiting the arrival of the Governor or having any tidings in relation to his coming, he had proceeded to issue proclamations settling and defining the matters devolving upon the Governor by the organic act. After spending a few days in Burlington, Governor Lucas, with the writer of this sketch and Jesse Williams, who had accompanied the Governor from Ohio, and who had been a clerk in the Surveyor-General's (Lytle) office, and now appointed, by the Governor, clerk in the office of Indian affairs, made an extended tour through the river counties of the Territory, there being at that time only three or four interior counties. The object of this tour of visitation was to meet the people in their homes, become acquainted with their condition and wants as well as the needs of the Territory, the better to enable him to discharge his public duties, especially in relation to the three subjects we have named.

Returning to Burlington later, he selected that place, then a small village, as the Territorial Capital, until the Legislature should at a later date locate the Capital per-



OLD ZION CHURCH.
Capitol of Iowa Territory, 1838-41.

manently. He also issued his proclamation ordering an election and designating the time when the Legislature should convene—November 12th, following.

He approved and affirmed the proclamation of Secretary Conway (after setting aside his other acts) so far as his proclamation referred to "the division of the territory into judicial districts." This subject was the first cause of trouble, which afterwards grew to considerable magnitude between the Secretary and the Governor. The Governor had taken the ground, no doubt legally and properly, that there was no vacancy in the office and there could be none until such time as he had been qualified and entered upon the discharge of his official duties. The Secretary, in his eager haste and under improper advice, had before the arrival of the Governor presumed to be "acting governor" and proceeded to act upon that conviction. The breach was never wholly healed. The Secretary, however, died at an early period following his arrival.

The citizens of Burlington (I say "citizens," because at that time party lines had not been drawn and party men were unknown) invited the Governor to a public dinner—(this I have treated of elsewhere, under the title of "The First Banquet in Iowa")—at the Burlington hotel, Tuesday afternoon, September 4, 1838. The toasts given and the responses made at this banquet foreshadowed somewhat the subsequent history of the territory, many looking to the early period when the territory would throw off its leading strings and become an independent State.

The Governor, in response to the toast to his honor, after returning thanks, remarked that "the occasion had made a most favorable impression upon his mind." "When he received his commission," he added, that "he had been most favorably impressed with the character of the people whom he had met." He had supposed that here the population was the same as was generally found in frontier settlements—hospitable but rude. During his

brief sojourn of a few months and his journey through a considerable portion of it, he had found himself in this respect most agreeably disappointed. For intelligence and enterprise it was," he said, "his firm conviction, based upon observation, that the people would compare favorably with any of the Western and many of the Eastern States in the high character of citizenship. With people of this character it would be his greatest pleasure," he added, "to co-operate in the forming of laws calculated to secure them in the exercise of their political rights, to develop the resources of their country, and secure the prompt and easy administration of justice." This was the *key-note* to his subsequent acts as Governor of the new Territory.

Sitting beside him at that banquet, and having already learned to know him somewhat, I was impressed with his appearance, as a tall and spare man, in very plain dress, assuming to himself no airs whatever of rank, but plain spoken, truthful in all his utterances, and with little of the adornments of a natural or cultivated orator. Yet his words rang out that clear autumn day with a meaning appreciated fully by all who heard him. At the conclusion of his speech he gave a sentiment characteristic of the man, as follows:

"The citizens of Iowa — hospitable, intelligent and enterprising — may their energies be united in support of such measures as are best calculated to advance the interests of the Territory, promote virtue, increase intelligence, and secure the lasting prosperity and happiness of the people."

More honorable sentiments were never uttered by mortal man. They were a true index of his character and became the watchwords of his official action, the guiding motives of his future conduct in all his subsequent relations with the people whose government he was administering, with whom he became identified in all their interests, and among whom he lived and died.

Notwithstanding these plain declarations of principle, his pathway was not bestrewn with flowers; they bloomed upon the prairies, though far away. There were those, many of them, impatient of all rule and restraint, with little knowledge of men and less knowledge of government, who sought to do things in their own way, and, to use a phrase of later date, "run the machine" after their own desires. The value of a long life of varied experiences in civil and military affairs availed with them but little; yet, strange to say, those who most bitterly opposed him in some of his early views and acts became the strongest advocates of those measures in future years, when they themselves attained to higher positions of honor and trust, and made them the main springs of action in their public life.

No better index of the character of the man or a better presentation of his peculiar characteristics could be given than that presented by himself in his first annual message.

The Legislature, which had convened (pursuant to his proclamation) November 12th, 1838, met in "Old Zion Church," a building which, while it should have been preserved as a relic and a memorial of the past, was, pursuant to the vandalism so universal among Americans, years ago, removed to give place to a more modern building. The Governor appeared in person and administered the oath of office, both to the members of the Council (as the Senate was then termed) and of the House of Representatives; then in Joint Assembly, he delivered his message in person, as Washington and the elder Adams had in the National Congress before him.

In my judgment that message is the most important State document ever issued from the executive department of the Iowa government, Territory or State. It embodies within it more of human wisdom, forethought, and a better presentation of a greater number of important subjects,

than can be found in any similar document of a subsequent date, and while the State has made most commendable progress in its growth and development, physical and social, its advancement would have been still more rapid and still greater had the wise recommendations of its first Governor been then adopted and followed later.

The Governor, while a person of limited education, was yet a man of most profound judgment and varied and extensive knowledge of men. He had been long identified with public interests and was therefore capable of taking a very comprehensive view of public measures, with a judgment unerring and intuitive to suggest wholesome measures for the consideration of the Legislature. Probably no Territory had been organized at that period under more favorable auspices or that commanded more largely the attention of people abroad than Iowa, as is evidenced from an opening paragraph in the message, in which the Governor says:

“When we consider that the eyes of the people of the United States are upon us—that they have an interest in this Territory and feel an anxious solicitude for its prosperity (which must either be advanced or retarded by our acts), and view the immense importance of laying a good foundation of jurisprudence, and preparing a system of laws wisely adapted to our situation and interests, and reflect that the convenience, prosperity and happiness of the people are intimately connected with the local organization of the Territory, in all its various ramifications—we are impressed with a sense of the weight of responsibility imposed upon us, and are led to ask aid from that Providence who has hitherto sustained us.”

The Governor was a Christian man and had, in the opening paragraph of his message, referred to “the intervention of the Divine Providence” through which they had been permitted to convene for the purpose of organizing the Legislative Assembly. He was not ashamed to

own his Christianity; he was a devout Methodist, a regular attendant upon divine service, and often at the close of the sermon, by invitation of the minister, would address the congregation by way of exhortation, and close with a prayer, convincing the people that he was a Christian without guile.

The first and one of the most important recommendations made by the Governor was that relating to the "organization of townships." This he considered of the first importance, and almost indispensable in the local organization of the government. "Without proper township regulations," he said, "it will be extremely difficult, if not impracticable, to establish a regular common school system."

This subject he argued at considerable length, and his recommendations have never yet been fully and thoroughly adopted, and as a consequence our "common school system" has failed to reach the high standard it should to-day occupy. Conflicting sentiments between the people of a New England origin and others hailing from the Western and Southern States have prevented the thorough engrafting of the *township system*, so essential to our civil and school government, even to this hour; but this recommendation of the Governor shows the wisdom of the man and his interest in a great, vital cause. His misfortune was, that he was half a century ahead of his time. It has taken all these years to eliminate from public sentiment opinions adverse thereto, and to assimilate the views of our Legislators to the only system of practical utility.

Here, and in this, we recognize Governor Lucas as a man not only of sound judgment, but as having a thorough knowledge of the subject of government in its best conditions.

The provisions of the great "Ordinance of 1787," under which subsequently the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, were admitted to the

Union, were of such a high character that it was a very wise forethought on the part of General Jones and others instrumental in the introduction and passage of the bill separating Iowa from Wisconsin and creating it into an independent Territorial government, that the essential provisions of that ordinance were secured to the people of Iowa in its organic act. The section reads thus:

"The citizens of Iowa shall enjoy all the rights, privileges and immunities heretofore granted and secured to the Territory of Wisconsin and its inhabitants."

The third article of that celebrated ordinance declares that "religion, morality and *knowledge* being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, *schools* and the means of education shall forever be encouraged." This the Governor quoted in his message, and urged upon the Legislature.

In order to carry into effect this wise provision, Congress had granted the new Territory "one section of land in each township for the purpose of schools therein." It was in order to give greater and more lasting effect to this wise provision that he urged an organization of townships at an early date as essential, preparatory to the creation and establishment of a well-digested system of "common schools."

The Governor, as I have heretofore stated, had enjoyed in early life only the advantages of a common school education, and in that part of Virginia in which he was born and raised the common schools had not then, if since, attained to the high importance they had in the New England commonwealths. The Governor was not personally favorable to "collegiate education"; indeed, it was his boast that without a collegiate education he had been able to accomplish more than probably I might aspire to with the higher education I had secured. He was inclined, indeed, to look rather lightly upon a collegiate education, and I would retaliate upon him by saying that "had he

possessed my education as a supplement to his great natural ability and good common sense, he might have become President of the United States, instead of the Governor of a new Territory," at which he would laugh and pass it by.

However, he yielded to my suggestion and recommended the Legislature respectfully to "memorialize Congress for a grant of land for literary purposes," referring to a State University, "equal to that made by Congress in a grant at the last session to the Territory of Wisconsin." This memorial was duly passed and presented, and in response thereto Congress gave to Iowa a very liberal grant (some seventy-two sections) of choice land for the establishment and endowment of a "university." And, but for the acts of a subsequent Legislature, when we became a State, authorizing the sale of this land and robbing the University of its just due, that institution would not to-day be a biennial beggar at the door of the General Assembly, not for appropriations in the common sense of the term, but for the refunding of its honest dues, of which it had been improperly and illegally robbed, through the avarice of members living in the counties where such lands were located. He had no relish for the technicalities of the law and the subterfuges of lawyers; he recommended and urged that the Legislature unite its efforts in simplifying not only the laws, but the rules of practice and proceedings in the various courts of justice in the Territory, and eliminate therefrom, as much as possible, everything of a fictitious or ambiguous character. He further urged upon their consideration, as a matter of great importance to the future prosperity of the Territory, the appointment of a committee of three persons of known legal experience and weight of character, "to prepare a complete Code of laws during the recess of the Legislature," and to report it for consideration and enactment at the ensuing session.

To this recommendation no heed was given, the members considering themselves better able to enact a Code than any three men of the Territory who could be selected. It was not until 1850 that a State Legislature rose to the dignity of giving due consideration to this subject, and the result of their action was the first Code of Iowa — 1851 — which has become the basis of all subsequent codifications of our laws, to be culminated in that which was reported to the last (1896) session of the General Assembly.

Another recommendation in which he was a century ahead of the times, and one to which it is most unfortunate, indeed, that no heed has been given—for the necessity of such action becomes every day more and more important—was this: “I would recommend”, he said, “and urge upon your consideration the propriety of adopting a general *road system*, defining the manner of laying out and establishing territorial and county roads, and to provide for opening and *keeping them in repair*.” No improvement of a physical character is so important or fraught with such grand results to a country and a people as a well-established system of public roadways. The introduction of the bicycle and of the “horseless carriage” of the present day are making this more apparent than ever.

Governor Lucas was not a man to conceal his views on public measures; he had no fear of offending friends, much less the disaffection of enemies, and neither would keep him from saying what he thought should be done in the way of legislation. In his first message we find severe denunciations of the drunkard-making business, as well as the indulgence of the crime of gambling and other practices most detrimental to good society. In preparing a system of criminal jurisprudence he recommended that punishments be attached to each offence in proportion to its injurious effects upon society. “because,” he said, “we frequently see the most disastrous consequences proceed from practices that in some places are considered as only fashionable vices — *gambling and intemperance*.”



The Grave of Gov. Robert Lucas, in the Cemetery at
Iowa City.

"These two vices may be considered," he said, "the fountain from which almost every other crime proceeds," and he argued the question more forcibly than any of the temperance lecturers or moral teachers from the pulpit or rostrum to whom I have listened in later years.

He then declared that "the recent transactions in this city (Burlington) that deprived the Legislative Assembly of one of its members elect, as well as other transactions of a similar character, should meet with the indignant frown of every friend of morality and good order in the community; and the practice of wearing concealed weapons about the person should not only be considered disreputable, but criminal, and punished accordingly. There certainly cannot be a justifiable excuse offered for such a practice; for in a civil community a brave man never anticipates danger, and an honest man will always look to the laws for protection." He looked with disapproval and horror upon mob law and violence, whether instigated by one or many individuals.

These sentiments, however, were not in accord with the public sentiment of *that* day, and the Governor was looked upon as a moralist of extreme views; but his morality was founded upon Christian precepts and measures of the greatest public good.

He was the friend of the "red men," and opposed to every trespass upon their territorial rights, defended them as best he could, protecting them from the vices of the white man, especially from the sale to them of spirituous liquors.

It was upon his recommendation that commissioners were selected to locate the future Capital of the Territory, of whose acts the public is well informed.

While the Governor had not had the advantage in early life of access to books, he was a warm friend of libraries, and especially fostered the organization of a territorial library. Congress having made an appropriation of \$5,000

for this purpose, he commissioned the writer to go east and make the purchase. In his message he suggests the propriety of passing a law to provide for "the appointment of a librarian, to define his duties, and to regulate the library. As soon as the library arrives a catalogue of the books shall be immediately laid before you."

Under that law the writer received the appointment, rented a room, placed the library therein, properly classified, and prepared a catalogue which was published, but which unfortunately has become "lost, strayed or stolen" from public view. The copy I had retained was loaned many years ago to a state librarian and that was the last of it, so far as I know. For a third of a century this library of the State practically received little or no consideration or attention at the hands of the General Assembly. Many of its most valuable works were lost or carried away, and it is only within about ten years that the library has assumed anything like state importance; and even now, its usefulness and value is materially marred from the fact that the librarianship is made a *political office*, the librarian becoming the foot-ball of contending parties or even of Governors of the same party. This should not be. The General Assembly should take the appointment out of politics and place it in the hands of the Judges of the Supreme Court with the Superintendent of Public Instruction as chairman of the board—or some other measure not so thoroughly political as the present practice.

The subject, however, in which the Governor was to come in most serious collision with the peoples' representatives in the first Legislature was that of appropriations. The appropriation made by Congress for "the support of the Government of the Territory of Iowa, paying the salaries of territorial officers and providing for the printing of the laws, taking the census, and the incidental and contingent expenses of the assembly, was \$——" (naming the sum).

"In disbursing this appropriation," the Governor said, "we should avoid parsimony in its application to defray necessary expenses; but at the same time should use *strict economy*, and be careful in our expenditures never to exceed the appropriation made by Congress."

A great political leader of later years has said that "he considered public prodigality (in the voting of public monies) a good thing." In this monstrous sentiment he was anticipated by the prodigal action of Iowa's first Legislative Assembly.

Immediately upon the organization of these two bodies they set at naught this recommendation and proceeded to act upon a different basis. A member declared upon the floor, in my presence, "Uncle Sam (referring to the U. S. Government) is a cow, and we will milk her freely." The friends of the Governor, on the contrary, acting upon his suggestions, said that "in the disbursement of public monies we should exercise the same good judgment and the same discretion we would if we were disbursing our own funds, or if this money was raised by taxation of our own people."

The Legislature at once launched into a system and practice of wild extravagance, which greatly shocked the Governor, and led him to declaim in private conversation somewhat bitterly; for a house of twenty-six members and a council of thirteen, had elected about twice the number of officers that they had in the Legislature of Ohio when he retired from the presidency of the Senate, after the State had passed through a third of a century of its existence; and he thought if a given number could transact, as they did, in a thoroughly satisfactory manner, the business in Ohio, certainly it did not require double that number to transact one-half the business in Iowa. But, his suggestions were not heeded. They even proceeded so far as to make appropriations out of the money that had been appropriated by Congress for the expenses of the *second*

territorial legislature,—and this evoked the first veto of the executive, at which the members raised a great *howl*, and the war commenced. The result was that when the legislature adjourned they had not only used up all the money appropriated by Congress but had so run in debt, and the members had individually been so improvident, that many of them were compelled to borrow money to enable them to return to their territorial homes—a fact of itself sufficient to show that the wisdom and the good sense of the Governor far outweighed the want of both qualities in the majority of the two houses of the first Legislative Assembly of Iowa.

When Iowa became a State quite a number of those who had been among the most prominent in the early territorial Legislature were elected members of the General Assembly, and then they became as strong and earnest advocates of *strict economy* as ever the Governor of the territory had been, showing most conclusively that they were wrong and he right in the views expressed by him in the message we are considering.

There are other provisions and recommendations in that message worthy of thoughtful attention by every one connected with the administration of public affairs, but we have given enough to show the independence of thought and action of the governor, the very commendable views he entertained upon practical subjects, his resoluteness in presenting them, and his firmness in adhering to them, as he did through life.

When I was revising his message for the Legislature, I asked him why he gave such prominence to the subject of "common schools," making it the first subject of consideration in his message, adding, that we had no children to educate and no money to spend for their education. The Governor replied, that he made the recommendation from two considerations: First that a good common school education was essential to the welfare of any people, and

that when children came provision should already have been made for imparting to them that knowledge without which they never could discharge the duties of citizenship. The other was that Iowa was an inviting field for immigration and we must show eastern people that we had started out in our political life with proper views of the great and all-important subject of education,—both of which showed his good judgment and excellent sense.

He also, while a very plain man in dress and in speech, had an eye to the propriety of things and the views of people elsewhere. At that early period almost every citizen wore either an overcoat of fur, generally a buffalo robe, or one made of Mackinaw blanket. The Governor himself wore one of the latter which reached down, like Aaron's beard, "to the skirts of his garment," and at the bottom there was a broad red stripe which made him, with his tall, commanding figure, a very conspicuous object on the the street.

I too wore an overcoat of the same material at that time, and when I started out on my journey, by way of Chicago, eastward to purchase the library, he enjoined especially upon me that when I reached that city (for I journeyed through Chicago, Cleveland and Cincinnati to Baltimore), I should throw aside the blanket overcoat and purchase one of more fashionable material and make, remarking that—"men will judge very much of the people of Iowa by your appearance among them as our literary representative." Following his advice I procured in Chicago an overcoat of different material and pattern, and so went east, appearing in a garb less like that of a frontiersman, no doubt leaving the impression, as the Governor said, that we were a well-dressed people, of good manners and cultivated intellects. The world will even to this hour judge by appearances and pass their opinions accordingly, and I believe that in the case referred to their judgment was favorable, owing to the sensible advice of Governor Lucas

In my statement of the Governor's services to the people of Ohio I referred to the fact of the boundary contest between the State of Ohio and the territory of Michigan, over a strip of territory extending from the mouth of the Maumee River, where it empties into Lake Erie at Toledo, westward. That controversy was very bitter and led to the assembling of a warlike host upon the border. Governor Lucas at the head of six hundred men was confronted by Governor Mason of Michigan at the head of a thousand men, and a conflict appeared imminent, when the arrival of two commissioners from Washington, representing the National Government, restored peace, both parties retiring to their homes and leaving the adjudication of the matter to the Supreme Court, which decided in favor of Ohio.

While Michigan lost a strip upon her southeastern border with a lake port at Toledo, she gained very largely by the subsequent liberal act of Congress which ceded to her the "upper peninsula," including the valuable copper mines upon the southern shore of Lake Superior, now containing the great cities of Marquette, Houghton, Ontonagon and others—an accession of far more value to the State than the contested border-land which she lost.

So, too, upon his arrival in Iowa the Governor found himself confronted with a like difficulty and contest. This time he represented a territory in conflict with the State of Missouri, about a strip of some half dozen miles in width from the Mississippi to the Missouri river, upon our southern border.

The Governor in his first message referred to the fact that a commissioner had been appointed under the provisions of an act of Congress, passed the day following the passage of the organic act creating the territory of Iowa, entitled "an act to authorize the President of the United States to cause the southern boundary lines of the Territory of Iowa to be ascertained and marked." Under this

act Albert M. Lea—who afterwards became famous in our history as our *first* historian, and for whom a town in southern Minnesota was named—was appointed U. S. Commissioner and Dr. James Davis then of Davis County, (not named for him, however), later of the city of Keokuk, was the Commissioner for Iowa. Governor Boggs of Missouri did not appoint a Commissioner, consequently the boundaries were not located and defined by that commission.

Later, the county officers of the border counties of both Missouri and Iowa proceeded to levy and collect taxes in the disputed territory, which led to a conflict of legislative and executive action and came near leading to an open conflict of arms. That event has ever since been termed "the Missouri war," and is an interesting episode in the history of Iowa, to which we need not refer farther than to say, that, as in the case of Ohio so it was here, due to the determination of Governor Lucas that the Territory of Iowa won the battle. By his firmness and judicious action and great knowledge of men and of public affairs Iowa eventually secured, through the Supreme Court of the United States, to which the matter was referred for final adjustment, the absolute control of the contested strip of territory. If he had rendered no other service to Iowa than this alone he would be entitled to the public thanks of her citizens of to-day as well as of future times.

The Executive and Judicial officers of the territory had been appointed for four years (in July, 1838), so that early in the administration of President Tyler, who upon the death of President Harrison succeeded to the presidency, their terms of office would expire.

General Lucas had often said to me that he would be the first person removed by President Harrison after his inauguration, which occurred the 4th of March, 1841. Between the Governor and President Harrison there was an

alienation of feeling, bordering upon bitterness. If the Governor ever gave me the particular reasons, I do not remember them. They have passed out of my mind. I only remember full well that the Governor said to me upon more than one occasion that General Harrison was a very much over-estimated man, that he was neither the general nor the statesman he was credited with being. President Harrison, however, did *not* remove him. The statement, which has on more than one occasion appeared in print in Iowa, that his was the first removal, was "father to the thought."

General Harrison of course made many changes during the brief month he survived his inauguration, and Governor Lucas was booked for removal and his successor named upon a sheet which fell into the hands of his successor, Tyler. Acting upon this, President Tyler removed him and appointed in his stead Major John Chambers, of Maysville, Kentucky, who had been a member of Congress from that district, and who was one of the aids of General Harrison in the battle of "Tippecanoe." Another aid of the General at that battle was Colonel Hiram C. Bennett, who became a resident of Burlington before Governor Lucas' administration, and was elected Justice of the Peace for the city, and became the first Master of the first Masonic Lodge (of which the writer was a member) organized in the Territory of Iowa, in November, 1840.

After his removal Governor Lucas took up his residence upon a farm he had entered adjoining Iowa City. He continued to reside thereon, except for a brief period in which he returned to Ohio, until his death, February 7th, 1853.

The Governor was an earnest advocate of the early admission of Iowa into the Union as a State and became a member of the Constitutional Convention, which met at Iowa City in May, 1844, having been elected from Johnson County. In that Convention he was made chairman of the

Committee on the Executive Department of the Government, and a member of the Committee on Boundaries, both positions being especially congenial to him, showing the good judgment of the President of the Convention, Hon. Shepard Leffler, who was the first representative in Congress after Iowa's admission into the Union. Governor Lucas' long experience as an executive officer both in Ohio and Iowa admirably qualified him for the discharge of his new duties in Constitution-making,—and his experience also in boundary matters, which was very conspicuous in both the State and Territory named, secured, so far as his efforts could secure them, the territorial rights of Iowa in her natural limits.

The Constitutional Convention of 1844 adopted the boundaries as suggested by Governor Lucas in his message to the extra session of the Legislative Assembly in 1840, in which he recommended the calling of a Convention to form a State Constitution. The Convention having concluded its labors forwarded to Congress the Constitution with the boundaries it had adopted. Congress materially curtailed the boundaries as defined by the Convention, cutting the new State off from about one third of its territorial limits bordering on the Missouri river, whereupon the Constitution was, on account of its boundaries, rejected by the people both at the spring election in April and again in August, 1845. I assert from a full knowledge of the subject, that the Constitution was rejected by the people solely on account of the curtailed boundaries prescribed by Congress, the people of Iowa being determined that their State when formed should extend to the Missouri river. Two years later they secured the accomplishment of their wishes.

For the rejection of that first Constitution with its boundaries, because the boundaries could not be rejected without the Constitution, the people of Iowa were and are indebted to the late Lieutenant-Governor Eastman, Major

Frederick D. Mills, then young practicing lawyers of Burlington, and T. S. Parvin, another young lawyer of Bloomington (now Muscatine), who stumped the Territory, that is, the first and second of the three districts, in opposition to the Constitution. They were influenced in their actions solely by the consideration of the boundary question. This subject I have fully and thoroughly discussed in my history, which will soon go to press, of the failure and success of Iowa in her efforts to secure admission to the Union as an independent State. That was the last public service rendered by the Governor to the people of Iowa in whose interest and public welfare he manifested a warm feeling through life.

Upon entering upon his public duties in Burlington he took up his abode in the Burlington Hotel kept by Leander J. Lockwood (whose wife later, as the wife of Jos. T. Fales—Iowa's first auditor—rendered such conspicuous service during the Rebellion as a member of the "Ladies Relief Corps"), and occupied the parlor upon the lower floor, sharing it with his private secretary, so that I was an inmate of his family while filling that position. The Governor's family did not follow him until late the following year, while the eldest daughter, Miss Abigail, joined him the coming spring, and later married Col. Charles Nealey a leading merchant of Burlington.

During the winter evenings the Governor's office was the general rendezvous of the territorial officers and his friends in the legislature, where they freely met and mingled in general conversation. The Governor was a good talker, a great "home-body," never going out except when specially invited, or to church, so that he had the reputation among the people of being a very reserved man, difficult of approach, neither of which was true. He was pleasant and social with his acquaintances and callers, a man of such general and varied information that his company was always enjoyable. When alone he used

often to amuse himself and instruct the writer by relating incidents in his early history, both in Virginia and Ohio, for his life had been a series of backwoods adventures. While through middle and later life the Governor was a most devout and consistent Christian, he had, like many another, at a more youthful period, "sowed his wild oats," and used often to use such incidents as "a moral to adorn a tale," upon such occasions warning the writer, his youthful protege, against like waywardness.

Showing how trifling circumstances may influence the future conduct of life I will relate the following incident given from his own lips: While a widower, returning from a session of the Legislature at Columbus to his Picketon home, in company with a fellow member (riding as all had to do at that time, on horseback), at the close of the day, they neared a farm house. A sprightly young woman came from the house and hastened toward the barn with a milk-pail in each hand. She would either have to climb over, let down, or jump the bars. The Governor (then President of the Senate) said to his travelling companion (whether in earnest or jocularly he did not state) that "if that young lady sprang over the bars he would marry her." Sure enough, the young lady showed her natural spryness by leaping the bars and entering upon her evening work. The companion laughed and enjoyed what he supposed to be a joke. But they reined up at the front gate. The farmer came to the door, seeing strangers in the highway. They inquired whether they could tarry for the night, and he bade them a cordial welcome, had their horses taken in and cared for, and they were soon seated before the comfortable March fire. The farmer proved a very intelligent and well-read man, and they had an enjoyable conversation on public affairs. When supper was announced the young lady appeared with a clean white apron, clad in other respects as a country girl of her station. She was introduced to—her

future husband, and his companion. After supper the mother and daughter joined the company and the evening passed most pleasantly. Not strange perhaps to relate, at a later hour, when the companion retired to rest, he left his friend entertaining the young lady, who in due time became his wife and the mother of a family of children. A daughter and two sons survive the father and mother. One of the sons subsequently became a member of the Iowa Legislature, the other a member of the Legislature of Nebraska. Neither of them, however, developed into the man of experience, enlarged views and statesmanship, or of general citizenship, that the father had reached by reason of long and laborious services in varied and widely extended fields of public usefulness.

Associated, as I was, for years with the Governor, I learned to know him, as perhaps few others did, to love him as a man, and to entertain for his judgment and his services the highest appreciation. The influence of such a man at that early formative period of my history was of incalculable benefit. He left the impress of his character for uprightness, purity, and enlarged views, upon the generation with which he lived and acted,—and while he did not live to see all his wise recommendations carried into effect, he did witness the consummation of many of his hopes and the good results growing therefrom. Iowa need not in any respect be ashamed of her first Governor; on the contrary, as his character shall become the better known his influence and services will be the more highly appreciated and valued. In life his views were often times misunderstood and his motives impugned, but results have shown the wisdom both of his suggestions and his acts.

“O for a tongue to utter

The words that should be said

Of his worth!”—

And yet, in speaking of him as of others who have passed away, all words of warmest commendation—tributes of praise most worthily bestowed—seem dull and tame:

“What worth is eulogy’s kindest breath,
When whispered in ears that are hushed in death?”

So large an army as the Government has now on foot was never before known, without a soldier in it but who has taken his place there of his own free choice. But more than this there are many single regiments whose members, one and another, possess full practical knowledge of all the arts, sciences, professions, and whatever else, whether useful or elegant, is known in the whole world, and there is scarcely one from which there could not be selected a President, a Cabinet, a Congress, and perhaps a Court, abundantly competent to administer the Government itself.—*Message of President Lincoln, July 4, 1861.*

EACH year that passes adds to the value of all works that depict the pioneer life of the early part of the century. To have set foot in Kansas or Nebraska when the Indians and buffalo alone possessed it, is coming each year to have a greater value.—*Hamlin Garland.*

HOW MEN FEEL IN BATTLE: RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRIVATE AT CHAMPION HILLS.

BY S. H. M. BYERS.

Of the Blue and the Gray it took about fifty thousand men to fight the battle of Champion Hills. In this little random sketch I am going to relate something of the personal experience of just one of those fifty thousand. I am going to do this because it has been often asked of me by the Editor of THE ANNALS, though I do it at the risk of being thought of as one talking about himself. As a private soldier's view is very limited in a great battle, however, he must tell of himself, and what he sees with his own eyes, or not speak at all. The little and narrow experiences of the private in the ranks, who stands there in the smoke and fights, kills, and gets killed, are seldom written down. The big volumes are all about the officers, the commanders, and the grand maneuvers.

In my own case it was a strong love of adventure, no less than my patriotism, that led me to enlist in a strange regiment almost as soon as Sumter was fired on; and of adventure, before the war was over, I had gotten my extreme share. Some of the experiences I met with, luckily or unluckily, have been told elsewhere. Here I want to tell only of how a youth of 23 felt who carried a musket in a fight that gave Grant Vicksburg.

After the Union army crossed the Mississippi river at Grand Gulf, it was without a base, pretty nearly without rations, and, in a sense, was running loose over half the State of Mississippi. We made forced marches everywhere, often tramping both day and night, and if we slept any, it was at the roadside, where the dust was "shoe-mouth" deep: the very trees, fences and stones, were gray



Private S. H. M. BYERS,
of Co. B., Fifth Iowa Infantry.

and heavy and yellow from the dust stirred up by marching armies. The sun shone mercilessly upon us; water was scarce; food scarcer. None of the private soldiers knew what we were about. We only realized that we were far away from our base, and were supposed to be in the rear of the rebel army. But more than once we lay down at the dusty roadside to sleep with the rumor afloat that the rebel army was in the rear of us. But we were too tired and too sleepy to care much for that. So we ran hither and thither, up and down the hot dusty roads, eternally on the "ragged edge" of things—sometimes skirmishing, sometimes fighting battles. So went the fights at Grand Gulf, Port Gibson, Raymond and Jackson.

Then came the sixteenth of May. It must have been about four o'clock in the morning when my company was quietly wakened and told to cook our breakfasts. That was an easy undertaking, considering how scanty the raw material. The 5th Iowa Infantry had absolutely nothing but some poor wet flour at this time. Of this we made little dough balls, and cooked them at the ends of our ramrods over the few bivouac fires we were permitted to kindle. We had no coffee; no water, not even to wash our faces—and yet every man felt jubilant, for it seemed that something great was about to happen. When day broke, we saw thousands of infantry, cavalry, and dozens of batteries of artillery crowding the country roads past our bivouac. At sunrise we too were ordered to join these columns, filling every available place for marching. No bugles sounded, no bands played, no cheers. It was just a great line of dusty, unkempt, hungry, but enthusiastic, Blue Coats, being hurried towards Champion Hills. Shortly we heard cannon booming far in front of us, and we knew what that meant. Our steps quickened, for rumors reached us that our advance divisions ten miles or more away were being annihilated. Early in the morning as it was, it was fearfully hot, and as I was not much used to

marching, my tired feet barely bore me up, with my heavy musket and accouterments. I had been a quartermaster sergeant for the past few months. I had ridden a horse and had had things easy. But, as I said before, I had gone into the army for adventure as well as patriotism, and I was forever trying to get into the lines where the real adventures were going on. I foolishly wanted to see men killed in battle, and to take a real chance of being killed myself. When for the second or third time I had turned my horse and my quartermaster duties over to a deputy at Grand Gulf, and shouldered a musket, our good old Colonel Matthies rebuked me; but now that I had shared on foot all the hard marching and the fighting from the Mississippi River to Jackson and from Jackson to the camp of that night, he relented and allowed me to carry my gun and fall into any company I pleased. It was very foolish in me, I think now, but as an adventurous youth I wanted to see the worst that war offered. And, anyway, I had not volunteered with a view of lingering behind in safe places when the bugle was sounding at the front.

We were just out into the road that early morning when General Grant rode by, followed by a small staff. He rode through the woods and fields at the road side on a gallop, his horse leaping logs and whatever obstructions happened in his way. Grant was then a perfect picture of fresh strong manhood, and he sat his horse like a sportsman behind the hounds. His hurrying ahead gave us all confidence—but no one cheered. Soon the rays of the sun became more intense, and the terrible dust was suffocating. But the hurried march continued—there was not one moment's rest. Here and there we passed a little puddle of water or a half dried up brook. The columns crowding the road could not stop, of course, but many of us left the ranks a moment, filled our canteens with the muddy liquid, and hurried back into line. For my own part I not only filled my canteen but my stomach as well,

with the dirty stuff. Already we could hear the fierce musketry in the battle now going on in the front. Already the wounded came limping past us to get to the rear. Already we saw little sheds built of branches at the road side by the surgeons and their assistants—and some of the doctors and their aids had their sleeves rolled up and knives in their hands. We knew very well what it all meant.

Shortly we ourselves were on the field. We were in the division led by the brave General Crocker—the heroic Crocker who is at rest in Woodland Cemetery, Des Moines, with these words by Grant himself chiseled on his humble monument: “General Crocker was fit to command an independent army.” Almost in a moment we were wheeled into line of battle at the edge of an open field or meadow that sloped up to wooded hills and ridges where the infantry and batteries of the Rebel army were posted hurling shot, shell and bullets into the Union lines. Our own line stood still for awhile in terrible suspense, not knowing why we were put under fire without directions to shoot. Zip, zip, zip came the Rebel bullets, and now and then a boy in blue would groan, strike his hand to a wounded limb or arm, drop his gun and step to the rear; or perhaps he fell in his tracks, dead, without uttering a word. We too, who saw it, uttered no word, but watched steadily, anxiously at the front. Then General Grant himself rode up and dismounted behind us, and so close to the spot where I stood I could have heard his voice. He leaned against his little bay horse, had the inevitable cigar in his mouth, and was as calm as a statue. Possibly smoking so much tranquilized the nerves a little and aided in producing calmness. Still, Grant was calm everywhere, but he also smoked everywhere. Be that as it may, it required very solid courage to stand there quietly behind that line at that moment. For my own part, I was in no agreeable state of mind. In short, I might be killed there at any

moment, I thought, and I confess to having been nervous and alarmed. Every man in the line near me was looking serious, though determined. We had no reckless fools near us whooping for blood. Once a badly wounded man was carried by the litter-bearers (the drummers of my regiment) close to the spot where the General stood. He gave a pitying glance at the man I thought—I was not twenty feet away—but he neither spoke nor stirred. Then I heard an officer say, "We are going to charge." It seems that our troops in front of us in the woods had been sadly repulsed, and now our division was to rush in and fight in their stead, and the Commander-in-Chief was there to witness our assault. Two or three of us, near each other, expressed dissatisfaction that the commander of an army in battle should expose himself as General Grant was doing at that moment. When staff officers came up to him he gave orders in low tones and they would ride away. One of them, listening to him, glanced over our heads towards the rebels awhile, looked very grave, and gave some mysterious nods. The Colonel who was about to lead us also came to the General's side a moment. He, too, listened, looked, and gave some mysterious nods. Something was about to happen. "My time has probably come now," I said to myself, and with a little bit of disgust, I thought of the utter uselessness of being killed there without even firing a shot in self-defense. The suspense, the anxiety, were indeed becoming fearfully intense. Soon Grant quietly climbed upon his horse, looked at us once, and as quietly rode away. Then the Colonel came along the line with a word to each officer. As he came near me he called me from the ranks and said: "I want you to act as Sergeant-Major of the regiment in this battle." I was surprised. "Hurry to the left," he continued. "Order the men to fix bayonets—quick!" I ran as told, screaming at the top of my voice, "Fix bayonets, fix bayonets!" I was not quite to the left when I heard other voices yell-

ing. "Forward, quick, double quick, forward!" and the line was already on the run towards the rebels. I kept up my screaming, "Fix bayonets!" for by some blunder the order had not been given in time, and now the men were trying to get their bayonets in place while running. We were met in a minute by a storm of bullets from the wood, but the lines in blue kept steadily on as would a storm of wind and cloud moving among the tree-tops. Now we met almost whole companies of wounded, defeated men from the other division hurrying by us, and they held up their bleeding and mangled hands to show us they had not been cowards. They had lost twelve hundred men on the spot we were now about to occupy. Some of them were laughing, even, and yelling at us. "Wade in and give them hell!" We were wading in faster than I am telling the story, and on the edge of a low ridge we saw a solid wall of men in gray, their muskets at their shoulders blazing into our faces, and their batteries of artillery roaring as if it were the end of the world. Bravely they stood there. They seemed little over a hundred yards away. There was no charging further by our line. We halted, stood still, and for over an hour we loaded our guns and killed each other as fast as we could. The firing and the noise were simply appalling. Now, I was not scared. The first shot I fired seemed to take all my fear away and gave me courage enough to calmly load my musket and fire it forty times. Others with more cartridges fired possibly oftener still. Some of the regiments in that bloody line were resupplied with cartridges from the boxes on the dead. In a moment I saw Capt. Lindsay throw up his arms, spring upwards, and fall dead in his tracks. Corporal McCully was struck in the face with a shell, the blood covered him all over, but he kept on firing. Lieutenant Darling dropped dead, and other officers fell wounded. I could not see far to left or right; the smoke of battle was covering everything. I saw bodies of our men lying near me without knowing

who they were, though some of them were my messmates in the morning. The rebels in front we could not see at all. We simply fired at their lines by guess, and occasionally the blaze of their guns showed exactly where they stood. They kept their line like a wall of fire. When I fired my first shot I had resolved to aim at somebody or something as long as I could see, and a dozen times I tried to bring down an officer I dimly saw on a gray horse before me. Pretty soon a musket ball struck me fair in the breast. "I am dead, now," I said, almost aloud. It felt as if some one had struck me with a club. I stepped back a few paces, and sat down on a log to finish up with the world. Other wounded men were there covered with blood, and some were lying by me dead. I spoke to no one. It would have been useless; thunder could scarcely have been heard at that moment. My emotions I have almost forgotten. I remember only that something said to me, "It is honorable to die so." I had not a thought of friends, or of home, or of religion. The stupendous things going on around me filled my mind. On getting my breath a little, I found I was not hurt at all—simply stunned; the obliquely fired bullet had struck the heavy leather of my cartridge belt, and glanced away. I picked up my gun, stepped back into the line of battle, and in a moment was shot through the hand. The wound did not hurt; I was too excited for that. If possible, the awful roar of battle grew more terrific. I wonder that a man on either side was left alive. Biting the ends off my cartridges, my mouth was filled with gunpowder; the thirst was intolerable. Every soldier's face was black as a negro's, and, with some, blood from wounds trickled down over the blackness, giving them a horrible look. Once a boy from another part of the line to our left ran up to me crying out, "My regiment is gone; what shall I do?" There was a little moment's lull in the howling noise; something was going on. "Blaze away right here," I said

to the boy, and he commenced firing like a veteran, and then I heard one of our own line cry, "My God, they're flanking us!" I looked to where the boy had come from. His regiment had indeed given way. The rebels had poured through the gap and were already firing into our rear, and yelling to us to surrender. In a moment we would be surrounded. It was surrender or try and get back past them. I ran like a race-horse—so did the left of the regiment amidst a storm of bullets and yells and curses. I saved my musket anyway. I think all did that—but that half-mile race through a hot Mississippi sun, with bullets and cannon balls ploughing the field behind me will never be forgotten. My lungs seemed to be burning up. Once I saw our regimental flag lying by a log, the color bearer wounded or dead. I cried to a comrade flying near me, "Duncan Teter, it is a shame—the Fifth Iowa running!" He picked up the flag and with a great oath dared me to stop and defend it. For a moment only we two tried to rally to the flag the men who were rushing by. We might as well have yelled to a Kansas cyclone. Then Captain John Tait rushing by, saw us, stopped and recognizing the brave deed of Corporal Teter, promoted him on the spot. But the oncoming storm was irresistible, and, carrying the flag, we all again hurried rearwards. We had scarcely passed the spot where I had seen Grant mount his horse before the charge than a whole line of Union cannon, loaded to the muzzle with grape shot and cannister, opened on the howling mob that was pursuing us. The rebels instantly halted, and now again it seemed our turn. A few minutes rest for breath, and our reformed lines once more dashed into the woods. In half an hour the battle of Champion Hills was won, and the victorious Union Army was shortly in a position to compel the surrender of the key to the Mississippi River. Grant's crown of immortality was won, and the jewel that shone most brightly in it was the blood of the men of Champion

Hills. Had that important battle failed, *Grant's army, not Pemberton's, would have been prisoners of war in an hour.* Where then would have been Vicksburg, Spottsylvania, Richmond, Appomatox?

Six thousand blue-and gray-coated men were lying there in the woods, dead or wounded, when the last gun of Champion Hills was fired. Some of the trees on the battlefield were tall magnolias; many of their limbs were shot away, and they were in full bloom, their beautiful blossoms contrasting with the horrib'e scene of battle. Besides killing and wounding three thousand of the enemy, we had also captured thirty cannon and three thousand prisoners.

When the troops went off into the road to start in pursuit of the flying enemy, I searched over the battle-field for my best friend, poor Captain Poag, with whom I had talked of our Northern homes only the night before. He lay dead among the leaves, a bullet hole in his forehead. Somebody buried him, but I never saw his grave. Another friend I found dying. He begged me only to place him against a tree and with leaves to shut the burning sun away from his face. While I was doing this I heard the groaning of a Rebel officer who lay helpless in a little ditch. He called to me to lift him out, as he was shot through both thighs, and suffering terribly. "Yes," I said, "as soon as I get my friend here arranged a little comfortably." His reply was pathetic. "Yes, that's right; help your own first." I had not meant it so. I instantly got to him and with the aid of a comrade pulled him out of the ditch. He thanked me and told me that he was a Lieutenant-Colonel and had been shot while riding a gray horse in front of the spot where he lay. I eased his position as best I could, but all that night, with many another wounded soldier, blue and gray, he was left on the desolate battle-field.

Now I realized how terrible the fire had been about us—for some comrades counted two hundred bullet marks on a single oak tree within a few feet of where the left of the regiment had stood loading and firing that awful hour and a half. Most of the bullets had been fired too high, else we had all been killed. Near by lay the remains of a Rebel battery. Every horse and most of the cannoneers lay dead in a heap. The caissons and the gun carriages were torn to pieces by our artillery. Never in any battle had I seen such a picture of complete annihilation of men, animals and material, as was the wreck of this battery, once the pride of some Southern town—its young men lying there dead among their horses—the loved ones of Southern homes. That was war!

We went on for Vicksburg that very night, and twice assaulted its steep walls in vain. Then we undertook its reduction by siege. Trenches and sap, approaches and mines, were dug everywhere, and day and night for weeks our mortars, our gunboats, our siege guns and field artillery poured a storm of lead and iron into the city. At the extreme front in the trenches our infantry kept up a ceaseless fire of rifle balls. We were directed to fire all the day against the works, whether a foe could be seen or not. At night the scene was brilliant and terrible. The great mortar shells from the Union gun boats sailed high in the air like comets, then bending downwards in their course with their trails of fire, exploded above the town with the noise of thunder. Many exploded on the ground inside the city, tearing holes big enough to have buried a house in. One of the great mortars used on those nights for throwing shells into Vicksburg now stands peaceful and silent in front of the Capitol at Des Moines. The people and the soldiers of Vicksburg all lived in secure caves during the siege, else none would have been left alive to surrender on that memorable 4th of July of 1863. One day when I was out with several comrades in the

trenches in front of the Vicksburg forts, I noticed our good Colonel Matthies making his way to us through one of the approaches. Quietly coming up to where I was he handed me an officer's silk sash. It was his own. "That is for Champion Hills," he said, smiling. "I have been made a General, and before I leave I want to make you Adjutant of the regiment, and you must wear that." I don't know now what I answered. Afterwards, in the terrible battle of Chattanooga, I saw my beloved Colonel sitting against a tree wounded and bleeding. It was his last battle, for he never fully recovered from the wound. His sash, *my* sash, is kept sacred as a proof of my commander's confidence, and as a souvenir of one of the hardest fought battles of the war.

After Vicksburg's surrender several of our divisions were hurried back towards Jackson in the hopes of catching Joe Johnson's army that had been hanging on our rear during the siege. One night on the march—it was a strange happening—my regiment bivouacked on the very battle-ground of Champion Hills, almost on the spot where my regiment had fought. It was dark when we reached the place, and our sensations were very strange, for we realized that all about us there in the woods, were the graves of our buried comrades, and the still unburied bones of many of our foe. Save an occasional hooting owl, the woods were sad and silent. The Glee Club of Company B sang, "We're Tenting To-night on the Old Camp Ground." Never was the song sung under sadder circumstances. All the night a terrible odor offended the nostrils, and when daylight came some of the boys came to our company and said—"Go over to that hollow and you will see a sight!" Some of us went. We looked but once. Dante himself never conjured anything so horrible as the reality before us. After the battle the Rebels in their haste had tossed hundreds of their dead into this little ravine and slightly covered them over with earth; but the rains had come and

the earth was washed away, and there stood, or lay, hundreds of half-decayed corpses. Some were grinning skeletons, some were headless, some armless, some had their clothes torn away, and some were mangled by dogs and wolves. The horror of that spectacle followed us for weeks. *That, too, was war.*

I have written this random, but true sketch of personal recollections of a severe battle, first, as stated, because I was urged to; further, because it may help young men who are anxious for adventure, and war, as I was, to first realize what war really is. My experiences probably were the same as hundreds of others in that same battle. I only tell of what was nearest me. A third of my comrades who entered this fight were lost. Other Iowa and other Western regiments suffered equally or more. General Hovey's division had a third of its number slain. I have been in what history pronounces greater battles than Champion Hills, but only once did I ever see two lines of blue and gray stand close together and fire into each other's faces for an hour and a half. I think the courage of the private soldiers, standing in that line of fire for that awful hour and a half, gave us Vicksburg, made Grant immortal as a soldier, and helped to save this country.

CORN has been going abroad for some time at the rate of 1,200,000 bushels a week, or nearly ten times as much as was exported last year, and more than double the export of 1891 and 1892. Europe has been slow to learn the value of Indian corn, but is beginning to have a better knowledge of one of nature's finest productions.—*Fort Dodge Messenger, October 22, 1895.*

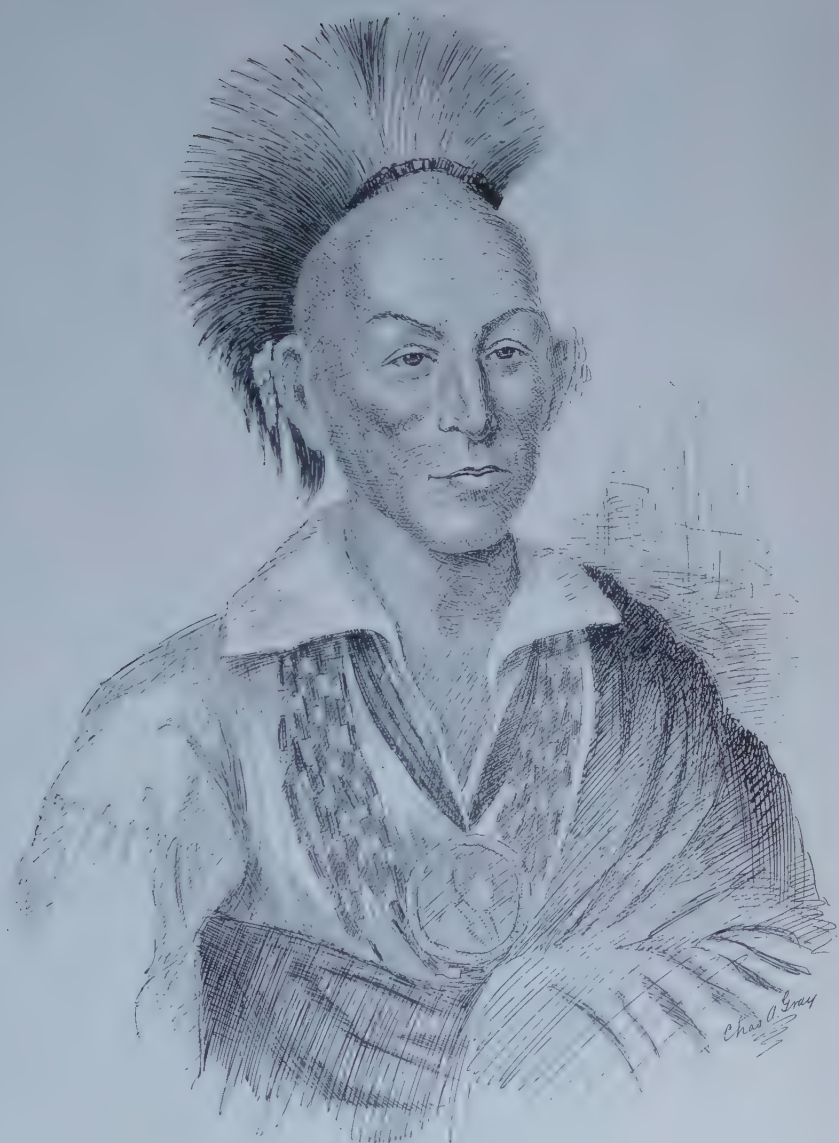
BLACK HAWK.
THE MAN—THE HERO—THE PATRIOT.

BY MRS. W. F. PECK.

In the history of the Northwest there is probably no more conspicuous, interesting and romantic figure than the illustrious Indian chief, Black Hawk, the hero of the war bearing his name.

Some of the difficulties usually encountered in sketching the life of an Indian are obviated in this instance by reason of the fact that the chief has left a personal record wherein his character, principles and motives are clearly indicated. Various flippant historical writers have attempted to discredit his "Autobiography" by impugning the veracity and motives of the persons who acted as interpreter and amanuensis. It is enough for those who were personally acquainted with Antoine Le Claire, the official interpreter of the United States for the Sac and Fox Indians, to know that his name is attached to the publication to guarantee its authenticity, but in addition an affidavit is appended in which he says the narrative is strictly correct in all particulars. The amanuensis and editor, J. B. Patterson, enjoyed no less the confidence and esteem of all who knew him in the vicinity of his home, Oquawka, Illinois, where he lived for many years prior to his death, which recently occurred.

In this paper, however, as far as possible Black Hawk will be permitted to speak for himself. His book was published in 1833, and was dedicated to Brigadier-General Henry Atkinson, in whose charge the old chieftain was placed at the conclusion of the Black Hawk War. The reasons for its publication cannot be better indicated than by quoting from the dedication:



BLACK HAWK.

An etching after the colored lithograph in McKenny and Hall's "Indian Tribes of North America," by Charles A. Gray.

"The changes of many summers have brought old age upon me, and I cannot expect to survive many moons. Before I set out on my long journey to the land of my fathers, I have determined to give my motives and reasons for my former hostility to the whites, and to vindicate my character from misrepresentations. The kindness I received from you whilst a prisoner of war assures me that you will vouch for the facts contained in my narrative, so far as they came under your observation. I am now an obscure member of a nation that formerly honored and respected my opinions. The pathway to glory is rough and many gloomy hours obscure it. May the Great Spirit shed light on yours, and that you may never experience the humility that the power of the American government has reduced me to is the wish of him who, in his native forests, was once as proud and bold as yourself."

The Indian name for Black Hawk as given in his book is Ma-ka-tai-me-she-kia-kiak. He was in his 67th year when it was dictated, having been born at the Sac village on Rock River in 1767. There is scarcely a page of this unique story that does not convey the impression that the author was as much the sage, the philosopher, the patriot, as the warrior, if not more so. The innate barbarian religious instinct associated with the refined feeling and delicate sentiment of the author permeates the entire narrative.

In speaking of the daily feasts which various members of his tribe were accustomed to make in the autumn—some to the Good Spirit, others to the Bad Spirit to pacify him, he says—For my part I am of the opinion that, so far as we have reason we have a right to use it, determining what is right or wrong, and we should always pursue that path which we believe to be right." Again, he says, "We thank the Great Spirit for all the good he has conferred upon us. For myself, I never take a drink of water from a spring without being mindful of his goodness."

His ethical views are quite definitely explained in these words: "We can only judge of what is proper and right by our own standard of what is right and wrong, which differs widely from the whites, if I am correctly informed. The whites may do wrong all of their lives, and then if they are sorry for it when they die, all is well; but with us it is different. We must continue to do good throughout our lives. If we have corn and meat, and know of a family that have none, we divide with them. If we have more blankets than we absolutely need, and others have not enough, we must give to those who are in want."

His criticism on our political methods is also tersely stated. He says: "The white people appear never to be satisfied. When they get a good father, they hold councils at the suggestion of some bad, ambitious man, who wants the place himself, and conclude among themselves that this man, or some other equally ambitious, would make a better father than they have, and nine times out of ten they don't get as good a one again."

The occasional glimpses given by Black Hawk of the folk-lore of his people show it to be full of interest and fanciful beauty, and also that he was himself exceptionally impregnated with the aboriginal propensity for mysticism. Into various ingenious tales the Indian story-tellers of the different nations have woven the idea that maize or Indian corn, was a special and mysterious gift from the Great Spirit; but of all the popular myths concerning its origin the traditional belief of the Sacs, representing it with beans and tobacco as a heaven-sent offering is richest in poetic imagination.

"According to tradition handed down to our people," says Black Hawk, "a beautiful woman was seen to descend from the clouds and alight upon the earth by two of our ancestors who had killed a deer and were sitting by the fire roasting a part of it to eat. They were aston-

ished at seeing her, and concluded that she was hungry and had smelt the meat. They immediately went to her, taking with them a piece of the roasted venison. They presented it to her. She ate it, telling them to return to the spot where she was sitting, at the end of one year, and they would find a reward for their kindness and generosity. She then ascended to the clouds and disappeared. The men returned to their village and explained to the tribe what they had seen, done and heard, but were laughed at by their people. When the period had arrived for them to visit this consecrated ground, where they were to find a reward for their attention to the beautiful woman of the clouds, they went with a large party and found where her right hand had rested on the ground corn growing, where the left hand had rested beans, and immediately where she had been seated, tobacco."

Black Hawk was a precocious youth, and was early trained by his father, Pyesa, in the arts of Indian warfare. At the age of fourteen he distinguished himself by wounding an enemy. He was not then allowed to paint or wear feathers, but was assigned a permanent place in the ranks of the braves. A reputation for courage and skill was soon established, and in later life he was very fond of relating the thrilling exploits of his youth to his many white friends at Fort Armstrong, on Rock Island. He was nineteen years of age when his father was fatally wounded in an encounter with the ancient enemy of his nation, the Cherokees. His father being the direct descendant of Nanamakee, or thunder, to whom by the will of the Great Spirit the great medicine-bag of the Sacs had been first entrusted, the treasure was now in his possession. At his death it passed into the hands of Black Hawk, his only heir. Grave responsibility, however, attached to its possession, for it symbolized the "soul of the nation," and had been delivered originally to his distinguished ancestor with the admonition that "as it had never been disgraced, it must forever be kept unsullied."

In accordance with the customs of his tribe, after the death of his father, Black Hawk blacked his face, fasted and prayed to the Great Spirit for five years. During this period he did not engage in any warlike expedition. Though actively participating in the wars of his nation afterward, it is possible that this long period of quiet, sorrowing, and self-contemplation, may have given him the habit of solitary reverie for which he was distinguished in later life. In commemoration of this trait the magnificent promontory on Rock River near his old home has been given the name "Black Hawk's Watch-Tower." "This commanding point was," says Black Hawk, "a favorite resort, and was frequently visited by me alone, when I could sit and smoke my pipe and look with wonder and pleasure at the grand scenes that were presented by the sun's rays, even across the mighty water."

Black Hawk figures prominently in the annals of American history for the first time in the war with Great Britain in 1812. When the relations between the two countries were becoming so strained that a war-cloud was distinctly visible, the Sacs and Foxes were asked to send representatives to Washington for a conference. They responded, and an agreement was entered into that, in consideration of strict neutrality to be preserved by the Indians in the event of war, our government would furnish them with supplies upon the same terms of credit that they had been getting from the English.

Through ignorance or a misunderstanding of the nature of the compact, the pledge on the part of the government was violated by its agent at Fort Madison, upon the first application of the Sacs, when credit was denied and cash payment haughtily demanded for goods.

However sincere the desire of these people may have been to keep their own promise, this refusal, in connection with the overtures of the English immediately following, turned the scale against it. At this critical moment

Colonel Dixon of the British army, stationed at Green Bay, anticipated the needs of the disappointed Red Men, and when dejected and gloomy they returned from their fruitless journey to Fort Madison, an agent with two boatloads of goods, which were distributed gratuitously, was awaiting them on Rock Island. The agent had other business, too, besides ministering to the immediate wants of the disaffected Indians. He was the bearer of a private message to Black Hawk, which induced the warrior to visit the British officer at his headquarters, and eventually to join him with two hundred picked men, who were ever after known as the "British band," as a confederate. As the crafty English Colonel grasped the chief's hand he addressed him as "General Black Hawk," and whispered in his ear these seductive words: "You will now hold us fast by the hand. Your English father has found that the Americans want to take your country from you and has sent me and my braves to drive them back to their own country." Nothing could have stirred so profoundly the intrepid chief to action as this utterance, and he entered heart and soul into the contest.

Although he does not speak of it in his memoirs, there is ample proof for the assertion that Black Hawk was with the great chief Tecumseh when he so valiently led the Indian forces, and fell in the famous battle of the Thames. After the war was over it was Black Hawk's misfortune to be regarded with suspicion as a contentious and turbulent spirit by our government.

Very soon after the acquisition of the vast domain west of the Mississippi, known as the Louisiana purchase, it became the design of the government to transfer, eventually, all of the numerous tribes of Indians that had for untold ages roamed at will, within boundaries fixed by conquests among themselves, over the eastern territory bordering on the river, to the newly acquired possessions. In pursuance of this policy, President Jefferson commu-

nicated with the Indian authorities at St. Louis directing them to obtain by purchase or treaty a part, at least, of the extensive holdings of the Sacs and Foxes.

In an accidental way an opportunity was soon presented and a treaty, with some prudent reservations on the part of the Indians, was effected, which ceded to the United States the immense tract of territory claimed by these Indians east of the Mississippi River. The compensation was ridiculously inadequate, and although the treaty was at various times after ratified by the representatives of these nations, the charge that deception was practiced upon them was always loud and long. The stipulations which were its saving grace were at length openly violated, and the bitter feuds and dissensions that grew out of the treaty, finally ending in the Black Hawk War, have fastened the stigma of bad faith and unfair dealing with these people upon our government.

During Black Hawk's absence in the British army his village on Rock River was left unprotected. An emergency arose which seemed to menace its safety. A council was called and immediate flight contemplated. As this decision was being reached, word was received that the clever young brave, Keokuk, had volunteered to gather the warriors and take charge of the defense of the village. The alarm proved to be false, but Keokuk's conduct met with such emphatic approval that he was at once admitted to the council lodge and elected war-chief.

In all the distracting troubles that subsequently ensued with the Sacs and the Foxes, there were ever after two factions; one under the leadership of Black Hawk, the other of Keokuk; the former the war, the latter the peace party. The establishment of Fort Armstrong upon Rock Island in 1816 was the first warning of the government to the Indians that the provisions of the treaty of 1804 would be enforced. They were sorry to give up this island, which had been used as a garden and pleasure resort, but

they soon became reconciled, and formed for many of the occupants strong and lasting attachments. A few years later when the surging tide of civilization began flowing towards the great West, the indescribably beautiful country of the Sacs, with a soil so spontaneously fertile that it responded as if by magic to the touch of cultivation, became irresistibly fascinating to the unworthy as well as the worthy pioneer.

The scenery all about the ancient village site—the home of Black Hawk, was a wilderness of bewildering beauty. The rippling, winding waters of Rock river bounded it on one side and the majestic Mississippi on the other. There were broad green valleys and great encircling hills that skirted the banks of the two rivers in which were numerous islands clothed with luxuriant foliage.

Here in this spot, gifted with natural graces, these undaunted sons of the forest, and their fathers before them, had lived unmolested for more than a century. Here they had tilled their fields, hunted and fished, made their feasts, indulged in their various games and pastimes, celebrated their national war-dance with a perfect sense of security born of confidence in their own superior strength. Their numbers had rapidly increased and they were, as Indians go, prosperous, progressive, industrious and happy.

Naturally there were many peculiarly strong ties that bound these people to the home of their ancestry and birth. Strongest perhaps was the sacred regard which they entertained for the graves of their kindred. Yet, when the demand came to relinquish this consecrated spot the superior power of the whites was being so well understood by many that, though it cut their heart-strings to do it, all would have been mournfully surrendered without a struggle, if it had not been for the heroic stand taken by their implacable leader. By the terms of the original treaty the Indians were to live upon their lands until they were sold. As a matter of fact when the order was issued

for them to vacate not one acre had been legally transferred, and the persons who were forcing themselves upon the Indians were doing so in violation of both the spirit and letter of the treaty.

Acting upon the advice of friends at Fort Armstrong the practical and pacific Keokuk gathered his adherents about him and crossed to the West Side of the Mississippi. This ready acquiescence of Keokuk in yielding to the unjust demand was construed by Black Hawk as an act of cowardice and treachery, and all friendship between them was then ended.

"What right," says Black Hawk, "had these people to our village, and our fields which the Great Spirit had given us to live upon? My reason teaches me that land cannot be sold. The Great Spirit gave it to his children to live upon and cultivate as far as necessary for their subsistence, and so long as they occupy and cultivate it they have a right to the soil; but if they voluntarily leave it, other people have a right to settle on it. Nothing can be sold but such things as can be carried away." It will be readily recognized that in the doctrine so simply and forcibly expressed by an untutored barbarian is contained the germ thought that underlies the revolutionary philosophy of some of the profoundest thinkers and writers on social topics to-day. In explanation of the fact that Black Hawk himself had at one time signed a ratification of the objectionable treaty of 1804, he says, "What do we know of the manners and customs of the white people? They might buy our bodies for dissection, and we would touch the goose-quill to confirm it, and not know what we were doing. This was the case with me and my people in touching the goose-quill the first time." Upon these issues Black Hawk took his stand and firmly and resolutely refused compliance with the order to abandon his village. To clothe themselves with legal authority to enforce the order the government authorities quietly sold the section of land

occupied by the Sac village to a private citizen. Black Hawk still remained obdurate, and refused to recognize the validity of the sale, and amid the turmoil of conflicting claims to possession between the aggressive and insubordinate white settlers and the determined red men, many grievous wrongs were doubtless perpetrated on both sides. A startling appeal setting forth in strong colors the Indian atrocities was made to the Governor of Illinois on the part of the whites and General Gaines with a large force of men was sent to Fort Armstrong to dispatch the Indians with bayonets. Black Hawk for once argued that discretion is the better part of valor, and under cover of night deserted his village, crossed to the west side of the Mississippi river and encamped under the protection of a white flag.

A council was immediately called at the Fort and a new treaty with the express stipulation that the Indians should forever remain on the west side of the Mississippi was made. It was during the deliberations that Black Hawk delivered the characteristic speech which was quoted in a former article on Fort Armstrong.

In commenting upon the memorial, Black Hawk says: "Bad and cruel as our people were treated by the whites, not one of them was hurt or molested by our band. I hope this will prove that we are a peaceable people—having permitted ten men to take possession of our corn fields, prevent us from planting our corn, burn our lodges, ill-treat our women, and beat to death our men without offering resistance to their barbarous cruelties. This is a lesson worthy for the white man to learn; to use forbearance when injured. The whites were complaining at the same time that we were intruding upon their rights. They made it appear that they were the injured party and we the intruders. They called loudly to the great war chief to protect their property. How smooth must be the language of the whites when they can make

right look like wrong, and wrong like right." Misery and destitution confronted the banished Indians in their temporarily improvised home, and yearning for the old one was not extinguished by written compact. In their extremity Black Hawk counselled with the bad prophet Wabokieshiek and listening to his persuasions to recross the river, he did so with his braves, women and children, and such domestic equipments as they owned. The action, however, was taken with expressed intention of making their Winnebago friends a visit and to supply themselves with the means of subsistence.

An alarm was immediately given, among others an army under General Scott was ordered to the frontier and the altogether needless Black Hawk war was fought—a war which resulted in the extermination of almost the entire remnant of Sacs and Foxes under Black Hawk, including the women and children. Black Hawk, betrayed by a treacherous Indian, was captured and taken to Jefferson barracks where he was kept in confinement for many months. Finally, under military escort, he was taken on a tour through the East, and was the recipient of much flattering attention and many mementos. Upon his return he was released after a formal ceremony deposing him and substituting Keokuk as leader of his people.

To what stage of moral and intellectual development these savages would have attained if they had been left among the beautiful hills and rivers of their native wilderness to work out their own destiny in their own appointed way, can only be a matter of idle conjecture. Contact with the whites proved in this, as in most other instances, a blighting instead of a civilizing influence. The vices of the dominant race were emulated, but not their virtues. The testimony, however, of those who knew him well is abundant on the point that Black Hawk was a notable exception to this rule. He not only abstained himself from the use of intoxicating beverages, the red man's curse, but

used his personal influence, sometimes actively enforcing it, to prevent its consumption by his people. To his sorrow he found that the young men who were ever willing to follow his counsel in the weighty affairs of the nation did not heed his admonitions in these matters.

Benjamin Drake, Black Hawk's able and discriminating biographer, gives the following pen portrait of the old chief:

"In height Black Hawk is about five feet ten inches, with broad shoulders but limbs not very muscular. His nose is sharp and slightly aquiline, and his eyes are of a dark hazel color. The most striking peculiarity in his personal appearance is his head, which is singularly formed, and has been pronounced by some observers the envy of phrenologists. His countenance is mild and benevolent, having little of that dark and ferocious expression, not uncommon among Indians, and which during the late border war was imagined to be eminently characteristic of Black Hawk."

Apart from his own writings, the fact is otherwise well attested that Black Hawk displayed, uniformly, great forbearance in dealing with the encroachments and rapacity of the white settlers in his village. He was very hospitable and often shared by invitation his lodge, his belongings and humble fare with his white neighbors. By force of circumstances he was made their enemy, by inclination he was peaceful, affable and friendly with them. Black Hawk was not a bigamist as were many of the chiefs of his nation, and his kindness to and affection for his wife and children have been subjects of much favorable comment. Upon the death of his eldest son, followed soon after by that of his youngest daughter, he left his village with the remaining members of his family and built a lodge in a secluded corn-field. He gave away his entire possessions and fasted, "only drinking water during the day, and eating sparingly of boiled corn at sunset for twenty-four moons."

As an orator and counsellor Black Hawk enjoyed a wide reputation not only in his own, but among neighboring tribes of Indians. He was liberally endowed with those magnetic qualities that are ever potential factors in achieving personal popularity and success. Unlike Keokuk, Black Hawk was secure of his rank and station by hereditary right, and he never sought to enhance his dignity and influence by ostentatious display or other meretricious actions, as did his ambitious competitor. His cult of great men, especially military heroes, was a remarkable trait of his character. He feelingly speaks of the disappointment he felt because General Scott was not permitted to visit him on board the steamer when passing Fort Armstrong en route for Jefferson barracks, where he was taken as a prisoner immediately after his capture.

Although Black Hawk's reputation for personal bravery is well attested, little has been known about his ability as a military commander and strategist. Bearing upon this point a new light has been thrown by Charles Aldrich in a recently published article, wherein he quotes the gracious tribute paid to the old hero in a personal interview with Jefferson Davis,* a conspicuous participant in the Black Hawk war. His graphic account of a masterly maneuver of which he was a witness is as follows:

We were one day pursuing the Indians when we came close to the Wisconsin River. Reaching the river bank the Indians made so determined a stand and fought with such desperation that they held us in check. During this time the squaws tore bark from the trees, with which they made little shallops, in which they floated their papooses and other impedimenta across to an island, also swimming over the ponies. As soon as this was accomplished, half of the warriors plunged in and swam across, each holding his gun in one hand over his head and swimming with the other. As soon as they reached the opposite bank they also opened fire upon us, under cover of which the other half slipped down the bank and swam over in like manner. This [said Mr. Davis] was the most brilliant exhibition of military tactics that I ever witnessed—a feat of most consummate management and bravery, in

* *Midland Monthly*, Des Moines, Iowa, May, 1896, pp. 406-411.

the face of an enemy of greatly superior numbers. I never read of anything that could be compared with it. Had it been performed by white men, it would have been immortalized as one of the most splendid achievements in military history.

Black Hawk concludes his own account of the same encounter in these words:

In this skirmish, with fifty braves, I defended and accomplished my passage over the Wisconsin, with a loss of only six men, though opposed by a host of mounted militia. I would not have fought there, but to gain time for our women and children to cross to an island. A warrior will duly appreciate the embarrassments I labored under—and whatever may be the sentiments of the white people in relation to this battle, my nation, though fallen, will award to me the reputation of a great brave in conducting it.

In Black Hawk was incarnated the very spirit of justice. He was as inflexible in all matters of right and wrong, as he understood them, as flint or steel. Expediency formed no part of his creed, and his conduct in the trying emergencies that ended in the fatal conflict, was eminently consistent with his character. No thought of malice or revenge entered into his great soul; the contest was waged with no other purpose in mind than to protect his people in what he believed was their inalienable right to the wide domain that was being wrested from them. It matters not whether his skin is copper-colored or white, the brave man, the man who has the courage of his convictions, always challenges the admiration of the world, and as such pre-eminently the noble old Sac war chief will ever be an admirable figure. Having learned his invincible daring, the government certainly acted prudently, if not fairly, in officially depriving him of his commanding position, for by this act he was rendered powerless to form new alliances to regain his lost prestige and possessions. When the inevitable came, though his proud spirit was crushed, he accepted defeat grandly. He saw the sceptre of leading chieftainship pass from his own into the hands of his successful rival with the resignation of a martyr.

Black Hawk's last public utterance was at the house

of a friend in Fort Madison a short time before his death. The occasion was a Fourth of July celebration and a number of distinguished guests were assembled. He spoke in response to the toast, "Our Illustrious Guest, Black Hawk." In the course of his remarks he said: "Rock River was my beautiful country. I liked my towns, my corn-fields and the home of my people. I fought for it. I have looked upon the Mississippi since I have been a child. I love the great river. I have dwelt upon its banks from the time I was an infant. I look upon it now. As it is my wish, I hope you are my friends."

The closing words of his memoirs are: "The tomahawk is buried forever. We will forget what has passed, and may the watchword between the Americans and the Sacs and Foxes ever be friendship."

If love of country is one of the cardinal virtues, and if the man who is willing to risk his life and all he holds dear for its defense is a patriot, then it may be written of Black Hawk that he was a virtuous man and a patriot.

The Cincinnati Atlas of the first announces that "Governor Slade of Vermont, left the Broadway Hotel this morning for Iowa, Tennessee and Missouri, with thirteen young ladies designed for school teachers in those States." This is the second party of New England teachers that has been brought out for distribution among the Western States.—*Dubuque Miners' Express*, October 26, 1853.

THE WORD "IOWA"—WHAT IT MEANS.

BY L. F. ANDREWS.

Labored and exhaustive efforts have been made to ascertain the origin of the word "Iowa" and determine its signification. It is generally given, as I believe erroneously, as meaning "The Beautiful Land." Legends and traditions relating to it have been traced centuries back. Words have been twisted, distorted and corrupted until they bear little or no orthographic relation to that which the tradition-searchers have reached in their quest.

It is claimed by some that the word is of Dakota origin, and by the French was written "Aiouez," and applied to a branch of the Otoe tribe inhabiting territory west of the Missouri River. Gradually the word became Anglicised to "Iowa," which in the Dakota language means "something to write or paint with."

Hildreth, in his history of the American aborigines, gives the derivation from "Py-ho-ja," a name applied by the Omahas to a tribe in this territory, and which means "Grey Snow," or "Drowsy Ones"—tradition having it that when the Iowa tribes left the parent tribe in the north, a snow-storm prevailed.

Schoolcraft says the Iowa tribes called themselves "Pa-ho-ches," which means "dusty nose" or "dirty face," from the fact that they first settled near the mouth of a river where there were sand-bars, and the wind blew sand and dust in their faces. At an early date their location is fixed at the junction of Rock River with the Mississippi; thence they moved to the junction of the Des Moines River with the Mississippi, occupying what now comprises Lee, Van Buren and Davis Counties; thence they moved up the Missouri River into Dakota; thence back to the

head waters of the Little Platte, now Southern Iowa and Northern Missouri; thence to the head waters of Chariton and Grand Rivers in Iowa. During all these migrations they called themselves "Pa-ho-ches."

The history of the North American Indian shows very strongly that the original home of the Dakota stock of the very early Ganowanian family was on the far western side of the continent, while that of the Algonkin was on the eastern; that the Sauk and Fox tribes were of Algonkin origin, and descendants of the Chippewas and Pottawattamies, once strong and powerful. This is also indicated by their dialects; for in the language of Western tribes labial and vowel sounds prevail, while in those of Eastern they are guttural. In the oldest tradition extant of the Algonkins, Nicollet gives the word "A-ho-la-king" as signifying "Beautiful Land."

The original families have been divided and succeeded by hundreds of branches, and their language also divided into hundreds of dialects, so that little remains of the old.

There is very little or no estheticism or sentiment with the Indian. He was, and is, a creature of circumstances. He adapts himself always to present conditions. The future concerns him very little; the past is consigned largely to oblivion. His language is one of signs, circumstances and conditions. A single word often has several significations, the real application being determined by a gesture, an incident or an event. The best authority for the language of a tribe is the tribe who used it.

It is conceded generally that the State of Iowa derived its name from a river; that the river was named from a tribe of Indians. According to Schoolcraft, the Indians occupying the territory along the river were called "Pa-ho-ches," hence the river did not derive its name from their nomenclature. The most extravagant linguist could not so distort it.

The word "Iowa" is unquestionably a corruption of the word "Kiowa," which was of common use by the Sauk

and Fox tribes more than two centuries ago, and is to-day by the remnants of those tribes still in existence—one being in Tama County, Iowa, and another in Oklahoma.

When Black Hawk, who was a Sauk (or Sac, as it is now written) Indian, and his hordes overspread and occupied the territory which is now Iowa, the use of the word became more general. It signified "This is the place." It was also used to signify "Crossing, or going over."

Antoine Le Claire, long a resident of Davenport, of French and Indian descent, born and bred among the Indians, familiar with their habits, customs and language, speaking the latter as his native tongue, says the word means "This is the place."

According to the records, when Black Hawk made his raid west of the Mississippi, he crossed the river at or near where Davenport now is, and subsequently designated the spot as "Kiowa,"—the place where the river was crossed. He was not then seeking the "beautiful," nor a "beautiful land." He was prospecting for a very different purpose. As he moved forward he drove the inhabiting tribes across a river and that river was called "Kiowa," meaning the river over which the tribes were driven, and the Indians driven over were called "Kiowas." The word was in frequent use by the Indians when the first settlers came into the State. Taylor Pierce, who was connected with the trading-post at Fort Des Moines, and who spoke the Sauk and Fox languages fluently, says that when the Indians were moving southward from their excursions in the north, if asked where they were going, the answer would be: "Posse (pony) pukachee (traveling or moving) Kiowa (place) sepo (river)." That is, they and their ponies were going down across the Kiowa River, which was their favorite lodgment. Sometimes the answer would be "Puckachee, Kiowa, Kesauk Sepo," which signified they were going up or along the Kesauk River, that being the name which the Sauk and Fox Indians gave to what is

now called the Des Moines River. The word Kesauk means dark, turbid, from the fact that in the Spring, when they made their hunting trips northward, the water was blackened by the washing from the prairies, which had been burned over the previous Autumn. It is from Kesauk the town of Keosauqua takes its name. The Des Moines River has always been called Kesauk by the Indians.

That the word "Iowa" was primarily "Kiowa," and originated with some of the many dialects of Algonkin origin, there is good reason to assert. The Sauks were especially partial to the use of the letter "K." It occurs three times in "Ma-ka-tai-me-she-kia-kiah," the Indian name of Black Hawk. So also of other chiefs, as Mahaska, Keokuk, Poweshiek, Winneshiek, Waupekuk, Kishkekosh, etc. In a list of over two hundred names of chiefs appearing on the books at the trading post of Fort Des Moines, all but twenty contain this guttural letter once or more. It is also a marked characteristic of the languages of the Chippewas and Pottawattamies.

As further evidence of the correctness of this interpretation of the word, an old chief of the Musquakie or Tama County Indians, was very recently asked the meaning of the word "Iowa" or "Kiowa." His answer was, "This is the place." For instance, if a party of Indians were traveling, when camping-time came and the chief found a suitable spot, he would exclaim, "Kiowa," and the party understood it was a good place to camp. It is also used to signify passing over, or across. The Musquakies are the remnants of the Sauks and Foxes who refused to leave the territory. They were gathered together and located near Tama. "Musquakie" signifies "confederation."

Mention has been made of the words "De Moins," which are French, signifying "the less," or "the smaller." They were applied by the early French explorers, who were much among the Indians, to a small band of Indians

who were on one side of a river, while those on the other side were called the greater. The Indians soon acquired the use of them, and gradually the early settlers, though by the latter the application seems to have been erroneously, to the river itself. It was in this wise Col. S. F. Spofford christened his long-time hostelry on the river bank at Walnut street in the city of Des Moines, "The Demoin House," and nothing could induce him to change it.

Latterly the name has been changed to "Des Moines," which some historians say means "The monks." This is incorrect, as the French word for "monk" is "moin," and the use of either orthography, as applied to the river or the city, is without warrant of circumstance, condition or fitness of things.

THE CAPITOL GROUNDS will soon be replete with a fine lot of shrubbery which will much improve them. Forty years ago, before any very serious thoughts were abroad that we should ever have a capitol, or capitol grounds, the spot where the building now stands was densely wooded, and rabbits, squirrels and quails were not an uncommon sight. A little beyond was a duck-pond where ducks were to be found in their season. There were few houses in that part of the village, and no one dreamed of the glory that was to come to the city in after years. From this hill, at that early date, one could look well over the dirty, smoky, little village of 2,000 inhabitants and make future pictures. To the north was a dense forest. To the south on the bottoms, was a huge corn-field. To the east was a strip of thick woods bordering the open prairie, basking in the sun. It was a pity human foresight could not have seen the necessity of saving some of the oaks which grew upon these grounds. It is possible, however, that if they had been saved, the grading would have caused their death. There are scarcely any traceable land-marks of the very old days left in this immediate vicinity. Time, the leveler of men and hills, is still industriously at work changing the face of nature by putting in art instead.—*Des Moines Mail and Times, May 9, 1896.*

WHO WAS PEOSTA?

BY HON. M. M. HAM.

This is a question frequently asked of the Dubuquer, and either not answered correctly, or more often not answered at all. It is the name of an Indian or of his wife who is believed to have discovered the original lead mine, and is the only name of an Indian resident preserved in the nomenclature of the place. But the traditions have played havoc with it, and assigned the name to various personages. The most popular of these stories is that Peosta was the name of the Indian wife of Julien Dubuque. But there is nothing to this, for it is a well established fact that Dubuque had no wife, either Indian or white. And besides Peosta was the name of a man who acquired whatever fame he had through an act of his wife.

The most reliable statement relative to Peosta is contained in the conveyance or permit given to Dubuque at the council held at Prairie du Chien, on September 22, 1788, with the chiefs and braves of the Fox Indians. This document was in the French language, and was a grant of the right to mine for lead, but which Dubuque in after years claimed to be a conveyance to him by the Indians of all the tract of land for twenty miles up and down the river, and which was the basis of his claim, and gave rise to the great lawsuit after his death. In the final decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, in 1853, the original grant to Dubuque from the Indians is set out in full in the original French, as well as the official translation into English made for the use of the court. Here is the expression relative to Peosta: "Moreover, that they cede and abandon to him all the coast and contents of the mine discovered by the wife of Peosta, so that no white man or Indian shall

make any pretensions to it without the consent of Mr. Julien Dubuque," etc. The French phrase here translated "of the mine discovered by the wife of Peosta," reads, "de la mine tobure par le femine Peosta." Whether this is a correct translation or not, the French scholars must determine; at any rate, it was the one accepted by the Supreme Court and by the general public. "Par le femine Peosta" is "by the wife of Peosta," and such it has remained for over a hundred years.

The fact that the mine was discovered by the wife of Peosta instead of by Peosta himself, is rendered more probable by the well known fact that the working of the lead mines in after years was given over almost entirely to the squaws, for the Indians consider it beneath their dignity to labor at mining or any thing else. All manual labor was cast upon the women, and if they did the work they probably discovered the mine where the work was to be done. Tradition fixes the date of the discovery of the first lead mine by the wife of Peosta at 1789, but it is probable that the existence of lead in those bluffs was known before that date.

Of Peosta himself nothing is known except through the glory cast upon him by the discovery of his wife. He was a brave or warrior of the Fox village near by, possibly a lesser chief or sachem, but he was not the head chief of the band, for that was the Kettle Chief, a long-time and constant friend of Julien Dubuque. He has been referred to as "Peosta Fox," but that was incidentally only in allusion to the fact that he belonged to the Fox tribe, the Messrs. Les Renards, as the politic Dubuque referred to them in his original contract.

The original mine discovered by the wife of Peosta and always known as the Peosta mine, is situated in the northern part of the city of Dubuque, in what is known as Heeb's Hollow, about five miles from the Kettle Chief's village at the mouth of the Catfish. It has not been

worked for many years, and in the early days of lead mining was abandoned for more profitable and better mines discovered by white men and worked to better advantage than could be done by the primitive methods employed by the Indians. The name of Peosta has been preserved in this section, the most of any next to that of Dubuque himself. It is easy-flowing, lingual and quite as poetic in its sound as any of those introduced by Longfellow into Hiawatha. There is a village of Peosta twelve miles west of Dubuque, and Peosta avenues, drives, and hotels in the city itself. We had a Lake Peosta in the upper part of the city, not far from the famous mine, formed by an arm of the Mississippi, but of late years it has been drained and the city has taken hold of it with the intention of filling up its bed and transforming it into a park. At the last session of the Legislature a bill was passed granting whatever title the State might hold in the bed of the lake to the city for park purposes. When completed it will, of course, be named Peosta Park.

STEAMBOATING ON THE DES MOINES RIVER.—Since our last issue the steamboats have had fine times on the Des Moines. The *Globe*, *Sangamon*, *Col. Morgan*, *Julia Dean*, *Time and Tide*, *J. B. Gordon*, and *Alice*, have all made trips up, some of them going as high up as Fort Des Moines and intermediate points. All of them returned to the Mississippi with loads as heavy as they could bear. * * * * The *Julia Dean*, Captain Logan, is now on the way to Fort Des Moines, having left here Monday evening. * * * * Although we have had numerous boats running on the Des Moines this spring, and a vast amount of produce has been carried away, still a large portion of the surplus products of the country remain unshipped; and boats could make it profitable if there was water enough, to run the whole season.—*Des Moines Courier*, (*Ottumwa*), June 15, 1854.



Theodore S. Parvin,

HON. THEODORE S. PARVIN,
Private Secretary to Gov. Robert Lucas.

ANNALS OF IOWA.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

GOVERNOR ROBERT LUCAS.

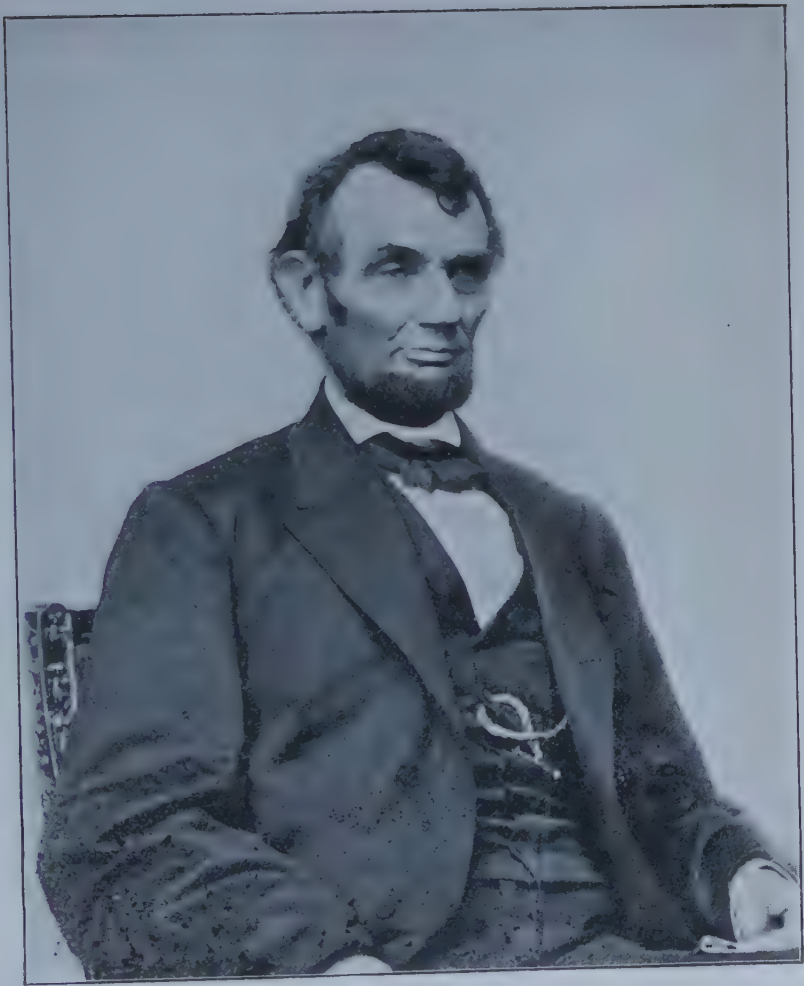
Hon. Theodore S. Parvin, who is still happily spared to write of Iowa in her early days, presents in our leading article his recollections of General Robert Lucas, the first Governor of Iowa Territory. Of the old Governor and the times in which he lived no man but Mr. Parvin—now in his 80th year—is living to tell the story, and none was ever so well qualified to speak. He came to the Territory with the appointment of Private Secretary to Governor Lucas, and was with him during his official career, remaining his valued friend to the end of his life. Governor Lucas was a prominent figure of the times in which he lived, for he was a distinguished officer in the military service of his country, had served two terms as Governor of Ohio, and as President of a National Convention, before coming to Iowa Territory. By a curious coincidence he took part in acrimonious quarrels over questions of State or territorial boundary lines both in Ohio and Iowa.

It is to be deeply regretted that a full biography of Governor Lucas has not been written—an undertaking now obviously impossible. His commission as Governor of Iowa Territory is in the keeping of the State Historical Society at Iowa City. The Historical Department of Iowa here at the Capitol is the custodian of his commission signed by President Madison as Captain of the 19th U. S. Infantry, together with two of his autograph letters and a

few of his signatures. Beyond these meager memorabilia of the plucky old Governor, little else is in existence. He should have left a large quantity of letters and papers, but if he did they have disappeared. We regard it as most fortunate that THE ANNALS is able to publish this very interesting and valuable sketch by Mr. Parvin who knew him so long and so well. The illustrations are most pertinent to the subject in hand, including as they do good portraits of Governor Lucas and Mr. Parvin, a cut of the old Zion Church in Burlington, where the first Territorial Legislature held its sessions, with a view from a recent photograph of the monument which stands over the grave of Governor Lucas. Little further can now be done to perpetuate the memory or render justice to the merits of the Christian gentleman, the brave soldier, and the illustrious pioneer Executive.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN VISITED IOWA.

Knowledge of this fact had quite faded out of the general recollection when several parties recently undertook to ascertain the truth in regard to it. There was a vague impression in the minds of some of our older people that the Martyr-President had crossed the Mississippi, and either appeared in some court as a lawyer, or had addressed one or more political assemblages. But in the multiplicity of stupendous events which followed later on, whatever was true in regard to his coming into Iowa had been forgotten. It would seem from a letter by Mr. Lincoln to Hon. Hawkins Taylor, that he was once expected to visit Keokuk, but did not come. Taylor was a politician of considerable note in early Iowa—Mayor of Keokuk and a member of our first territorial legislature. He died two years ago in Washington, D. C. Under date of September



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This engraving is from Col. D. M. Fox's "History of Political Parties," the original photograph having been furnished for that work by Hon. Robert T. Lincoln.

6, 1859, in a letter to Mr. Taylor, Mr. Lincoln wrote: "There is some mistake about my expected attendance of the United States Court in your city on the third Tuesday of this month. I have no thought of being there. It is bad to be poor. I shall go to the wall for bread and meat, if I neglect my business this year as well as last. It would please me much to see the city and good people of Keokuk, but for this year it is little less than an impossibility." Dr. J. M. Shaffer of Keokuk has taken some pains to look this matter up locally, but his investigations do not show that President Lincoln was ever in Keokuk. He visited Carthage, the capital of Hancock county, Illinois, fifteen miles east of Keokuk, during his famous campaign for the United States Senatorship, in 1858, in which he was defeated by Stephen A. Douglas. He addressed the people upon the issues of the day, of which the slavery question was the one prominent and all-absorbing, and out of which grew the great civil war of 1861-65.

But the question was asked Dr. William Salter of Burlington, who wrote: "I heard Mr. Lincoln speak in Grimes' Hall in this city, October 9, 1858. It was in the midst of his Douglas campaign. You will see a notice of it in the enclosed program of a commemoration of Lincoln's 75th birthday in the Congregational Church of this city." Speaking of this meeting two days later Clark Dunham, the distinguished war-editor of *The Burlington Hawkeye*, said of Mr. Lincoln: "He appeared fresh and vigorous. There was nothing in his voice, manner or appearance, to show that the immense labors of the canvass of the last two months had worn upon him in the least. His discourse was logical, replete with sound argument, concise, earnest, impassioned and eloquent." This important question is therefore settled. It is a proud fact in the history of Burlington that she was honored with a visit from the greatest of our Presidents.

"Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,
That he once has trod its pavements, that he once has breathed
its air."

PRIVATE SOLDIERS IN BATTLE.

It is always easy to find accounts of a battle from the stand-point of the commander-in-chief, or of some narrator who speaks of it in a general way. But it is not so easy to obtain a knowledge of how the affair came off from the pen of a private soldier who stood in the thick of battle-smoke, begrimed with powder, hearing the music of whizzing bullets or deafened by the thunder of great guns. Some of the best accounts of the charge of the immortal Six Hundred at Balaklava that can be found to-day are those written years afterward by men who were in the ranks and sabered the Russians at their guns. Many private soldiers tell these thrilling stories most admirably at times—if one could only take down their words as they utter them; but we have found it difficult to get such narratives of Iowa soldiers in writing. We are, however, fortunate enough to be able to give in these pages, from the pen of Col. S. H. M. Byers, who fought in the ranks at Champion Hills, an admirable account of that terrible battle as it appeared to one who bit off the ends of the old paper cartridges and fired his forty rounds at the enemy. This article not only reads exceedingly well, but it possesses much historical value from the light which it throws upon actual warfare where large bodies of men were engaged in a deadly struggle. At least eight Iowa Infantry regiments were in that terrific battle, viz: The 5th, 10th, 17th, 21st, 23rd, 24th, 28th and 30th. General M. M. Crocker, Major Ed Wright, and many other well known officers fought at Champion Hills.

WE are under obligations to the Honorable Secretary of State, the Editor of *The Midland Monthly* and Col. D. M. Fox, for the loan of cuts in this number of THE ANNALS.

THE LAW FOR THE MEMORIAL BUILDING.

It is deemed appropriate to present for preservation in these pages the law passed at the last session of the Iowa Legislature, the initial step in providing for the erection of a "Memorial, Historical and Art Building." The following is the full text of the statute:

CHAPTER CIV.

An act authorizing the executive council to purchase or condemn a site on which to erect a Memorial, Historical and Art Building, to procure plans and specifications therefor, and take other preliminary steps toward its construction, and making an appropriation therefor. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Iowa:

Section I. That the executive council is hereby authorized and empowered to purchase or procure by condemnation, in the name of the state, real property adjacent to the Capitol building and grounds in Des Moines, Iowa, on which to erect a Memorial, Historical and Art Building.

Section II. The executive council shall, after the purchase of the site for such building, procure suitable plans, detailed drawings, and specifications for the construction of a fire-proof building on such site, and, when built, to be used for the accommodation and preservation of the historical and art collections, library and museum of the historical department now owned by the state, and for the accommodation and preservation of such other libraries and collections as may be placed in the custody and control of said historical department. In the adoption of any plan for such building, the executive council shall take into consideration the future needs of the state, and shall adopt a plan which will readily admit of such enlargements as may be required in the future.

Section III. There is hereby appropriated out of any moneys in the treasury, not otherwise appropriated, the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars (\$25,000) to carry out the provisions of this act; and should there be any of this appropriation remaining unexpended, after the purchase of the site and the procurement of plans and specifications, the executive council may use the same in such preliminary preparation as they may deem necessary, looking toward the construction of said building.

Section IV. This act, being deemed of immediate importance, shall take effect and be in force from and after its publication in the Iowa State Register and the Des Moines Leader, newspapers published in Des Moines, Iowa.

AS TO A PICTURE.

An engraving of the old capitol building at Belmont, Wisconsin, was published in *The Historical Record*, at Iowa City, in July, 1892. It was obtained, we understand, at some effort and expense from the Wisconsin State Historical Society. The following year one appeared in the *Official Register* issued from the office of our Secretary of State. For this purpose it had in like manner been procured direct from the State House at Madison, Wisconsin. THE ANNALS borrowed the cut from the office of the Secretary of State, with due acknowledgment of the courtesy. It then occurred to an esteemed friend that it must have been obtained from the Iowa City publication, to which credit in that case would be due. But it appears that two cuts of that unique old Capitol are in existence, and that THE ANNALS gave the proper credit for the particular one borrowed, with the intent only of doing exact justice. (Another thing had happened. From the bound copy of *The Record* owned by the Historical Department, some scamp had torn out and stolen the leaf upon which the old cut was printed—a species of detestable thieving which is often encountered in public libraries. The theft was fortunately discovered, and our binder inserted a copy of the missing leaf in place of the one purloined.) These matters are of no great consequence, but we desire it to be understood that this publication would appropriate nothing from the pages of another without the amplest credit.

IN response to an inquiry Brig. Gen. D. W. Flagler, Chief of Ordnance of the U. S. Army, writes the Historical Department that "the estimated total number of re-enlistments (veterans), army and navy, during our civil war, 1861-65, is 564,939." This is an important item and one for which search is often made. It is presented here from the highest official authority.

GOV. R. E. FENTON AND GEO. A. S. CROOKER.

Readers whose memories go back to the rebellion will readily recall the name of War-Governor Reuben E. Fenton, of New York, who was afterwards a United States Senator, and at one time quite prominently mentioned for President of the United States. He was originally a Democrat, belonging to the anti-slavery wing of the party. In his congressional district (Cattaraugus and Chautauqua counties) the Whigs had a majority of about 2,000. One George A. S. Crooker, a Whig and a lawyer of very distinguished ability—but a man whose private character was deemed unsatisfactory—could always control his home delegation, but Chautauqua would have none of him. Finally, however, after years of manipulation, he secured the nomination for Member of Congress. This was Fenton's opportunity. The Democratic nomination was freely accorded to him, and he was triumphantly chosen by 200 majority, sweeping away the 2,000 Whig majority as with a new broom. His after career made his name illustrious. But poor Crooker was extinguished—his fond, long-cherished hopes terribly blasted. He came west, stopping for a time in Chicago where he became noted as a spiritualist. His "last appearance on any stage" was in Cerro Gordo Co., Iowa, whither "the spirits" sent or directed him to prospect for coal. But as to whether he was to find anthracite or bituminous coal the legend is silent. It is said that he sunk a shaft some eighty feet deep, on section 16, in the S. W. township of Cerro Gordo county, but was only rewarded by developing a fine flowing well. This was in a region geologically far below the carboniferous formation—a fact unknown to or ignored by "the spirits." Crooker did not long survive this last disappointment, and died in poverty and neglect. He was a very handsome man fifty years ago (as the writer well remembers), an eloquent speak-

er, a brilliant lawyer, quite gifted as a wit and a poet, and for more than a quarter of a century the most influential citizen of Cattaraugus county. Many "believed in him," and not a few imagined that when he strode abroad "the earth trembled."

"But passed is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot."

THE EARLY NAMES OF COUNCIL BLUFFS.

Hon. D. C. Bloomer, the distinguished pioneer, educator and ex-mayor, of Council Bluffs, was lately asked to give some account of the names by which that now flourishing city was known in its infancy, and more especially that of "Kanesville," which appears in early records and laws. He replied to this request in the following interesting and valuable letter:

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, MAY 25, 1896.

My Dear Sir: I do not think that the name "Kanesville" was ever established by any legislative authority in Iowa. This locality was first given the name, in the very early days, of "Hart's Bluff;" next of "Miller's Hollow," and next of "Kanesville." This name was derived from Col. Kane, of Pennsylvania, who came here in the very early days of 1846, and was a great friend of the Mormons. He mustered the "Mormon Battalion" into the United States service in that year. In honor of him the Mormons gave their town the name of "Kanesville," and a post-office was established here in 1848, and Evan M. Green made Postmaster. The District Court was first opened here in 1851. In these authoritative acts, both of the General and State Governments, the name of "Kanesville" was recognized and so continued to be until it was changed to "Council Bluffs," by the General Assembly early in 1853. (See Act's and resolutions of the Fourth General Assembly, chapter 43, page 72.) Since then, the name of "Kanesville" has been dropped, except among some of the old settlers who occasionally use it. While the Indians were here no other name seems to have been used, so far as I can find, other than "Miller's Hollow" or "Traders' Point." Just what name was used by the General Government in its transactions with the Indians I cannot determine; but possibly you may be able to settle that point by documents in your historical collection.

Both the State and General Government simply recognized the name "Kanesville," beginning with 1846, when that name was first applied to this locality.

Yours very truly,

CHARLES ALDRICH, Esq.

D. C. BLOOMER.

GEN. DRAKE'S "GOOD-BYE" TO HIS COMMAND.

The following is the Farewell Order of Gov. Francis M. Drake at the time he was mustered out of the military service, nearly four months after the close of the war of the Rebellion. It has been pigeon-holed in the Adjutant General's office during the intervening thirty-one years, but comes to the light of day in an excellent state of preservation and with a flavor of patriotism which will be appreciated by all who read it. The original is now in the care of the Historical Department, with the series of documents, letters, papers, portraits and other mementos of Iowa Governors from Governor Lucas to the present day.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE, 2ND DIV., 7TH ARMY CORPS,
DUVALL'S BLUFFS, ARK., AUG. 21, 1865.

General Orders, No. 18.

OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE FIRST BRIGADE:

The time has come when, as your commanding officer, I must say—"Good-bye."

With many of you I have been intimately associated during three years of the desperate and bloody struggle of the Nation to preserve its life and crush out the most formidable rebellion known in history, now happily at an end, with our old flag floating prouder than ever before, our Country's honor vindicated, and the nation regenerated and purified by the glorious success of our arms.

The war is over and we have but to lay off its habiliments and return to the pursuits of civil life.

In separating from you I am gratified to be able to say—that while it has been my good fortune to command you, you have borne your part as good soldiers, and have always been ready to do your duty with cheerfulness. You have by prompt obedience, hearty co-operation, valor, and patient endurance of hardships and privation, won a place in my memory to be treasured forever.

I feel assured by your exemplary conduct as soldiers in maintaining the laws, that as citizens you will be found wielding a noble influence in their administration.

Officers and Soldiers of the First Brigade: with renewed assurances of regard, I bid you a kindly "Good-bye."

F. M. DRAKE, Bvt. Brig. General Commdg.

A PORTRAIT OF HIRAM PRICE.

The first volume of the present series of THE ANNALS contains three articles relating to Hiram Price. Two of them were from his own pen—the first consisting of his ‘Recollections of Iowa Men and Affairs,’ (pp. 1-14), and the second, his history of ‘The State Bank of Iowa,’ (pp. 266-293). The third article on ‘The Public Services of Hiram Price,’ (pp. 588-602.) was written by his long-time friend, Mr. B. F. Gue. Short of a full biography our pages thus furnish the materials upon which a fair estimate of the man can at any time be reached. His memory will ever be cherished as one of the ablest and best men of our State when the services of patriotic men were needed. Though a distinguished member of Congress, when the delegation consisted of Messrs. Allison, Kasson, Wilson, Hubbard, Grinnell and himself, the public service for which he should be held in most grateful remembrance will doubtless be that of furnishing funds with which to raise and subsist Iowa soldiers at the outbreak of the great civil war; though his prominent part in the most admirable management of ‘The State Bank of Iowa,’ following times when the West was flooded with worthless paper money, merits almost equal praise. Mr. Price, who is now in his 83rd year, is spending the evening of his useful life in Washington. Lately, at the request of many friends, he sat for his portrait to Mr. Geo. H. Yewell. This portrait, designed for the Historical Department, reached the capitol during the past month. It is a faithful likeness and by many believed to be the finest art work owned by the State.

THE striking portrait of Black Hawk which illustrates Mrs. Peck’s admirable article is an etching for THE ANNALS, by the Iowa artist, Mr. Charles A. Gray.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Report of the Iowa Columbian Commission, containing a full statement of its proceedings, including a list of its disbursements, accompanied by complete vouchers therefor. Published by the Commission. Cedar Rapids, Iowa: Republican Printing Co., 1895.

This is a large octavo volume of 423 pages, which includes all the official transactions of the Commission and the reports of committees, together with the Iowa Hand-book, a work issued during the progress of the great Exposition and circulated by thousands. This last installment occupies about one half of the present volume, and treats of "The discovery, settlement, geographical location, topography, natural resources, geology, climatology, commercial facilities, agricultural productiveness, manufacturing advantages, educational interests, healthfulness, government, and the excellence of the social and moral life of The State of Iowa." It is illustrated with many fine portraits, and other engravings of permanent historical interest, with an excellent map of the State, and the binding is especially fine and substantial. The volume is not only a very complete setting forth of the part Iowa took in the great Columbian Exposition of 1893, but a clear and concise estimate of our history, progress, growth and resources. We regard the volume as one possessing high and permanent value, and a copy should find a welcome place in every public and private library in our State. It is however greatly to be regretted that it was not thoroughly and carefully indexed.

THE MISSOURI RIVER AND ITS UTMOST SOURCE. Curtailed Narration of Geologic, Primitive and Geographic Distinctions Descriptive of the Evolution and Discovery of the River and its Headwaters. By Hon. J. V. Brower, author of "The Mississippi river and its Source," etc., etc. St. Paul, Minn., 1895.

This is a highly illustrated and very beautiful volume of 150 pages, the contents of which are clearly set forth in the title-page which we copy in full. The author, Judge J. V. Brower, is a well-known western archeologist, explorer and writer. He has made many valuable contributions to the early history of Minnesota, aside from his pamphlet on the source of the Mississippi, which was published a year ago. During the summer of 1895 he made a journey to the head-waters of the Missouri, in order to ascertain its "utmost source." Upon the results of that journey this volume is based. His explorations led him up the Missouri river to where its name changes to that of Jefferson Fork; thence up that to where the name becomes Beaver Head; and from this up the Red Rock river—which streams he assumes to constitute "one unbroken and direct principal channel," the head-water branch of the Missouri. After exploring many streams he finally reached the "utmost

source of the great river, which had been discovered the previous year by Mrs. Lillian C. Culver, a resident of that region. This is "a pretty spring," issuing "from under a large black rock on the side of the mountain," in "a lonesome, wild place," on the continental divide between Montana and Idaho. This spot had been marked and the date of the discovery fixed beyond dispute. In chronicling his journey, the author discusses the history, archeology, geology and geography of the Far West, quoting freely from the writings of those who, from the earliest times, have preceded him in the work of exploration. Aside from his own narration he presents an epitome of the works of other writers, thus pointing the reader's way to all extant sources of information. This work is published by the author, in a limited edition of three hundred numbered copies.

PIONEER LIFE IN AND AROUND CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA—1839 TO 1849.

By Rev. George R. Carroll. Times Printing and Binding House, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 1895.

This is a handsome volume of 251 pages, containing the author's portrait and ten other illustrations, written, as he states, "to secure from the hopeless oblivion to which they would soon be consigned, a few facts, concerning the people and their doings, of those early times, that ought to be preserved, if ever a full and correct history is written." Mr. Carroll was "a participator in, or at least an eye-witness of, many of the things of which he writes, and was personally acquainted with, or knew well by reputation, almost every person of whom he has attempted a description." This book is of a class of which there ought to be a hundred more in this state, for it presents sketches of pioneers whose names should not be left to perish, with pen pictures of Iowa while still in its primitive freshness and beauty. Such personal recollections are the best sources of history.

NOTABLE DEATHS.

COLONEL ADDISON COCHRAN.—The death of Colonel Addison Cochran, a distinguished soldier and pioneer occurred at Little Sioux, Harrison county, on the 20th of May. He was one of the most noted of the settlers of western Iowa, and one who has left his mark upon the times in which he lived. Born in Virginia in 1816, his early days were passed, after attaining to manhood in that state and in South Carolina, in commercial pursuits. He then removed to Arkansas and soon after enlisted in a regiment raised in that state for the Mexican war, he being at first its lieutenant-colonel, afterwards its colonel. He took part in the contests on the Rio Grande and was present at the battle of Buena Vista, and was one of the bravest of the brave in the famous cavalry charge which insured the defeat of the Mexican army. The

war over, he devoted himself to other pursuits in the western territories, residing several years at Santa Fe. Then in 1854 he came to Iowa and settled in Council Bluffs. He at once engaged in the real estate business, bought and sold great quantities of land and city property, and died the owner of many thousands of acres of farming lands as well as of many city buildings and lots. His largest purchases of the former were in Harrison county, and here he owned a grain and stock farm of large extent. He was an intensely southern man in his feelings, and perhaps it was for that reason he passed most of his time during the war in mining operations in Colorado. Returning to Council Bluffs in 1866, he has left his mark in many directions upon that city. He was mainly instrumental, while Mayor, in the establishment of Fremont Park, and other important improvements, and at a later day he donated to the city a smaller park which has since been greatly improved, and bears his name. He was a wonderfully reticent man as to all his personal affairs, and only his most intimate friends could gain any knowledge in reference to them. A wife whom he married in early life, and also a son born to them, were removed by death as were also brothers and sisters, and only nephews and nieces remained, among whom he divided his large estate by will, in equal proportion. His funeral took place in Council Bluffs on the 22nd of May, and his remains were laid to rest in Fairview Cemetery. A suitable monument will be erected over them on the summit of the bluff, overlooking, for a long distance, the surrounding country, upon which he was wont to gaze during his lifetime with so much pleasure.

D. C. BLOOMER.

Dr. ASA HERR, scholar and scientist, died at his home in Dubuque, June, 2, 1896. His birth-place was Worthington, Ohio, and the date September 2, 1817. His education began early and he was a student during his whole life. While educated as a physician and surgeon, and while he attained great distinction in his profession, he yet found time to study science and investigated along many lines. Removing from Baltimore, Ohio, in 1846, Galena, Illinois, became his first western home. In 1847 he removed to Dubuque, Iowa, where he resided until his death. He was identified with local societies for the advancement of knowledge, and was one of one hundred American and English short-hand writers who were chosen to make improvements in phonography. He excelled in the study of botany and made large collections. He was president of the Dubuque County and the Cedar Valley Medical Societies and a member of the National Public Health Association. He was interested in geology, mineralogy and astronomy, and paid particular attention to meteorology. To him and Professor Lapham of Milwaukee, is due the present method of forecasting the weather, for the U. S. weather reports. Dr. Herr was an honored member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. All of the societies to which he belonged were benefitted by his labors, and he was successful in bringing the sciences to the comprehension of those interested who were without scientific knowledge. He was liberal but unostentatious, ever aiming to be helpful without becoming conspicuous. He made a donation of four hundred volumes of choice books to the State Historical Department, and he was especially liberal with other public institutions. His contact with others has had the effect to stimulate to more careful and thorough work, so that the good he did will live after him. In politics he was a whig and then a republican. Hundreds of friends deeply mourn his loss. Dr. Herr continued in the active practice of medicine until failing health compelled him to relinquish it a few months

before his death. His life was a splendid example of what a man of noble purpose and resolute will can accomplish. His kindly disposition and strict integrity endeared him to all with whom he came in contact, and while his loss is greatly to be deplored, it is a satisfaction to reflect on the wonderful amount of labor he performed and the great good he did during his life. Such a career should be an incentive to nobler effort for the alleviation of suffering humanity and the advancement of knowledge.

HON. NORMAN EVERSON, State Senator in the sessions commencing at Iowa City, December 2, 1850, and December 6, 1852, died at his residence in Washington, Iowa, May 15. He was born on a farm in the town of Vermont, Oneida County, New York, December 27, 1815. At the early age of fourteen, with his father's consent he started out—a poor boy—to make his own way in the world. He had a grand ambition for a boy of that age, succeeding in working his way into and through Hamilton College, near Utica, New York. He graduated in 1837. After this he taught school in Elizaville and Cynthiana, Kentucky, where he made the acquaintance of Abraham Lincoln, “a tall, awkward, gangling attorney,” who then “gave no special promise of filling the most splendid niche in American history.” He came to Washington, Iowa, in 1841, and resided there until his death. He was very successful as a lawyer and business man, acquiring a handsome fortune by hard work, and becoming one of the leading men of the town and county as well as of that section of the State. “He filled all sorts of positions because people trusted him. Time and again he was alderman and mayor, once a State Senator, an early post-master, carrying the mail in his capacious hat,—a habit he kept up ever afterwards,—letters, papers, notes, bills, law-papers, and all that queer miscellany went into his hat. He seemed to distrust pockets. It was the queerest mail delivery! The ‘Squire would slowly walk around the park with about a bushel of mail more or less, in his hat, unloading at each door, and sometimes a girl or youth would meet him and ask if there was a letter for them,—love-letters, of course,—and he’d salaam to uncover without spilling, and fish out the missive with a comical grimace, and go his way, a sort of combination of Uncle Sam and Santa Claus. In later years he’d laugh and chuckle as memories of that amusing service came back to him.” The old Legislative Journals show that he was a busy and useful Senator. He was “a genuine man, hating injustice and shams and cruelty,—indignant at wrong, disloyalty and treason.” He visited Europe in 1878, but came home better than ever pleased with his adopted State. *The Washington Press* devotes two columns to an estimate of his career, from which we have condensed this notice.

DR. A. W. HOFFMEISTER, died at his residence in Fort Madison, May 16. He was born at Altnau, in the Hartz Mountains, Kingdom of Hanover, June 14, 1827. He received a liberal education, graduating from the college at Clausthal, with the highest honors of his class, in 1846. After a two year's course in chemistry he emigrated with his father's family to this country. They settled in St. Louis, where he devoted a year to the study of the English language. He then went to California, where he remained two years. Returning to St. Louis in 1851, he entered a medical college, from which he graduated in 1854. He then settled in Fort Madison and began the practice of his profession in which he won distinguished success. He was commissioned Surgeon of the eighth Iowa Infantry in 1862, and was with it during

the period of its most arduous service. He won the confidence and affectionate regard of the soldiers, and the survivors of that famous command revere his memory. Dr. Hoffmeister, aside from his medical knowledge, was one of the most cultured men in our State. He was well informed in botany, geology, paleontology, and natural history. "He left the world better than he found it." We have condensed this notice from one of some length, by his life-long friend, Dr. J. M. Shaffer, which appeared in *The Gate City*, of Keokuk, May 20, 1896.

B. F. MILLER, whose death occurred at Webster City, May, 31, 1896, was born in the Shenandoah Valley, Virginia, February 11, 1833. He was of Scotch-English descent and a man of sterling worth. He was married to Rebecca Whitlock, September 5, 1859. One son, Homer A., and one daughter, now Mrs. Grace Brown, with four grand children are left to mourn his death. Mr. Miller was an example of a class of men, who, without early advantages, win success by unaided effort. Beginning at an early age to work for low wages, by sagacity and business management he became an honored business man, helpful to his friends and a benefit to the community. In early business life, he was for a time a merchant. In 1867 he removed from Indiana to Webster City, where he engaged in the banking business in which he was successful, becoming a leading citizen of Hamilton county. While attending the Columbian Exposition in 1893 he contracted a cold which resulted in pneumonia, and later in Bright's disease, from which he died.

COL. EDWIN F. HOOKER, a former resident of Iowa, died in Omaha, Nebraska, June, 5, 1896, at the age of 83. He came from his former home, Columbus, Ohio, to Des Moines, in 1855, to assume the management of the Western Stage Company. The building of railroads in the east caused the stage business to push westward and Mr. Hooker was sent to Des Moines as manager of the offices of the Company. He thus became identified with the interests of Iowa. For ten years he was a leading citizen of Des Moines. His residence was where the Savery House now stands. When railroads were built, and the stage business was pushed westward, Col. Hooker went farther west, continuing the management of stage affairs until the business was largely superseded by railroads in the far west. He then removed from the Pacific coast and settled in Omaha where he engaged in railroading, as general agent for a time and then as stock agent. He was a very popular man and had a wide acquaintance. Several years ago, on account of advancing age he gave up active business. His remains were brought to Des Moines for interment.

W. J. YOUNG, died at Clinton, Iowa, June, 8, 1896. He was born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1827, and came to Clinton in 1858. Before coming to Iowa he was general freight agent of the Cincinnati, Logansport and Chicago railway. In August, 1866, he erected a large saw-mill, which later was enlarged until it was said to be the largest mill in the world. He did an extensive business and employed many men. He was engaged in rafting and introduced the present method of towing rafts. He was also engaged in banking and had a wide range of business. His great financial success was due to indomitable energy and perseverance. His donations to public purposes in Clinton were many, and he was a liberal contributor to private charities. Among his public gifts the following may be mentioned: The Y. M. C. A. building and grounds, valued at

\$20,000; Esther Young Chapel to the M. E. Church; a large donation to Cornell (Mt. Vernon) College; and a bell for the M. E. Church, Lyons. He enjoyed the highest respect and confidence of the community in which he lived. The death of such a man is a great public loss; but his good works will survive for many generations.

JOSEPH K. HORNISH, a long-time resident of Keokuk, died on the 25th of March, at Layton, Colorado. We compile the following facts relating to the pioneer life of Mr. Hornish from Dr. J. M. Shaffer's sketch of him in *The Keokuk Gate City*. He was born in Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania in 1821. He was educated for the ministry, and in 1848 was ordained pastor of a Baptist church at Elizabeth, Pennsylvania. From there he was called to South Pittsburg where he preached until his voice failed, when he came west, settling at Keokuk in October, 1850. He became a prominent lawyer, taking an active part in the organization of various railroad enterprises in that part of the State. He was a war Democrat, and in 1864 was the candidate of his party for Congress against the late James F. Wilson. In 1874 he began to give his time to literary pursuits, writing much on Egyptology. The great pyramids were to him a divine system of mathematics, which he delighted to demonstrate in lectures. He removed to Colorado several years ago.

FRANCIS GUITTAR, the oldest resident of Council Bluffs, died there on the 25th of April. He was born in St. Louis in 1809. He entered the service of the old American Fur Company at the age of 14, continuing in that work until 1850, when he engaged in merchandising on his own account in Council Bluffs. When he first visited that locality, it was known as Trader's Point and afterwards as Kanessville. He was there when the Indian Agency was established in 1838, and during the days of the Mormon occupation. It is stated that he was the especial friend of the Pawnee Indians, whom he once led in a battle with the Sioux, at which time he was wounded. He saw the growth of Council Bluffs from the time it contained but one or two log cabins and a few tents, until the time of his death.

HARRIET W. BRANDT, a native of the State of Ohio, wife of Hon. Isaac Brandt of Des Moines, died at her home on the 29th of March, aged 67. On the 1st of November, 1849, she married Isaac Brandt, a neighbor and schoolmate from childhood. In 1857 they settled in Des Moines and made their home on the corner of Twelfth Street and Grand Avenue, but one block from the State House. There they lived up to the time of Mrs. Brandt's death. Her life was filled with good works, and she enjoyed the sincere respect and esteem of a wide circle of friends. Mr. and Mrs. Brandt, entertained John Brown and his men, when they were on their way from Kansas to the east.

MRS. ELIZABETH ZHORN, died May 3, in Iowa City, aged 90 years and 11 months. She was one of the pioneers of Johnson county, where she settled in 1839, and where her son, J. G. Zhorn, well known in newspaper circles throughout the state, was born. He was one of the first white children born in the county. Her husband, James Zhorn, assisted in laying the corner stone of the old capitol, now the central building of the State University, July 4, 1839. Mrs. Zhorn retained her health and vigor until five years ago. An attack of the grip left her in a low condition of health from which she never recovered.



MRS. ANNE E. HARLAN.